THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JULY, 1802.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

AS we by no means confine the details of our biography to *living characters*, so we shall turn to the illustrious dead on the present occasion. Over certain persons, though consigned to the darkness and silence of the tomb, oblivion cannot throw her mantle—their actions live, their writings are read with delight by latest posterity. Such a character was *John Locke*—his name will be always revered by the inhabitants of Great Britain, to whom he was a real ornament and glory.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, in the year 1632; the place is at no great distance from Bristol. He was brought up with great strictness, and sent at an early age to Westminster school. From this celebrated seminary he went to the university, becoming in the year 1651 student of Christ Church, Oxford.

At this famous university he took his degrees with eclat, and turned his attention to the medical profession, in which he bid fair for being distinguished. He opened his medical career at Oxford, but his constitution not bearing much fatigue, he quitted the employ, and went on the continent—he indeed became secretary to Sir William Swan, who had been appointed envoy to the Elector of Brandenburgh, in Germany. Here, however, he abode not long, the whole time of his stay being only for a year; he returned therefore again to Oxford: but becoming acquainted with Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury), this unexpected circumstance seems to have given a cast to the subsequent events of his life.

His lordship had been extremely ill of an abscess in his breast, which LOCKE had the good fortune to cure. After this period the earl patronised him not only in physic but even his studies, which were directed to subjects of high utility. This was about the year 1666; but in 1669 he attended the Earl of Northumberland to France and Italy. This nobleman dying on his tour, LOCKE returned with the countess to England. On his return he lived as before with Lord Ashley, then chancellor of the exchequer, who having jointly with some other lords obtained a grant of Carolina, employed the subject of our memoirs in drawing up the fundamental constitution of that province. In this business he acquitted himself well, and laid a further foundation for the celebrity to which he afterwards attained.

Having for some time been disgusted with Aristotle's philosophy, he turned his attention to Descartes; but even with *his* speculations was by no means satisfied. He began therefore to form the plan of his *Essay on human Understanding*, which has consigned his name over to immortality. This was about the year 1671; but he was hindered in his great work by the elevation of his patron to the office of lord chancellor, who immediately appointed him secretary of the presentations. This, however, was soon given up, the earl having lost that high sation. But LOCKE was still secretary to the board of trade, which was worth £500 per annum, and he enjoyed this situation till the month of December, 1674, when the commission, for reasons not known to us, was dissolved.

Being inclined to a consumption, he now paid a visit to Montpelier, in France, where he staid a considerable time. Here he continued to employ himself on his *Essay*, a favorite work, though he was much esteemed by the medical profession. In 1679 he returned to England, invited by his old friend the Earl of Shaftsbury, who made him president of Sir William Temple's council. But such are the changes which politicians are subjected to, that in the course of half a year his patron was disgraced and fled to Holland, whither Mr. LOCKE followed him. Here he took up his abode till the revolution of 1688, employing himself in works of literature. He came back in the fleet which conveyed the Princess of Orange to England. The revolu-

tion must have highly gratified him, as he always shewed himself tha TRUE FRIEND of *civil and religious liberty.*

Upon his return to his native country, many lucrative offers were made him, which he refused, choosing to retire to Oakes, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, in Essex, twenty-five miles from London.

In this retired situation he passed the remainder of his life. Lady Masham seems to have been a very intelligent and amiable woman, LOCKE therefore must have been gratified with her conversation and company. Her son was brought up according to his *Plan of Education,* in which there are many judicious things worth attention. In 1695 he was made commissioner of trade and plantations. This office engaged him with state matters; but he at this period published a treatise to promote the scheme which King William had much at heart —*the comprehension of the Dissenters.* This, however, occasioned some little controversy, which came to a speedy termination.

In 1700 he became so infirm as to withdraw from public business into his beloved retirement. Here he devoted the elevated powers of his soul to the study of the holy Scriptures.

The complaint which brought him to his grave was of so serious a nature as even on the first attack to make him sensible of his approaching dissolution. One day, after the administration of the Lord's Supper, he assured the minister that "he was in sentiments of perfect charity towards all men, and of a sincere union with the church of Christ under *whatever name*

distinguished." On another occasion he declared that "he had lived long enough, and thanked God for having passed his life so happily—but that his life appeared to him mere vanity." Lastly, in a letter to Anthony Collins, the celebrated deist, he observed that "this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well and in the hopes of another!" These are sentiments which flow from the belief and practice of christianity.

This illustrious christian philosopher expired October 28, 1704, in the 73d year of his age.—Few persons have left behind them a greater name than LOCKE—he is the wonder and admiration of posterity. His *Essay on the human Understanding* is a masterpiece of reasoning and penetration; his *Treatise on Education* * contains many admirable things; and his *Reasonableness of Christianity* does honor to his head and heart. The extent of his powers, the purity of his manners, and the benevolence of his disposition harmonised together, producing the great man and the excellent christian. He was in the *moral* what Newton was in the *natural* world—soul and body were the objects of their joint investigations. LOCKE and *Newton* therefore have by their writings rendered a most essential service to mankind.

Islington. J. E.

* There is in circulation a most beautiful edition of this admirable production, printed in 32mo, on a nonpareil type.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 64.

RURAL TALES, BALLADS, AND SONGS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

IN our last we examined the rural tale of *Walter and Jane*, and pointed out the beauties by which it stands distinguished. We now therefore proceed to the next piece in the volume, the *Miller's Maid*, equally ingenious, and equally calculated to interest the emotions of our sensibility. By our passions we are roused to action; and from our passions, properly directed, we derive a large portion of enjoyment.

An honest miller receives into his house a *wretched girl* who had been used extremely ill by the person from under whose roof she had just fled. Her tale was heard—it excited commiseration, and she became one of the family :

Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal'd,
Thus were her spirits rais'd, her bruises heal'd,
Thankful and chearful too, no more afraid—
Thus little Phœbe was the *miller's maid.*
Grateful they found her, patient of controul,
A most bewitching gentleness of soul,
Made pleasure of what work she had to do,
She grew in stature and in beauty too.

In this family she passed *five years* happily, when the farmer brought a youth home from market, who possessed amiable manners. He,

however, soon fell in love with Phœbe, and considerable affection subsisted between them. By the young man's story it seemed at one time that he was no other than her brother:

But now the anxious dame, impatient grown,
Demanded what the youth had heard or known,
Whereon to ground those doubts but just exprest—
Doubts which must interest the feeling breast:
"Her brother wert thou, boy—how? prithee say,
Canst thou forego, or cast that name away?"
"No living proofs have I," the youth replied,
That we by closest ties are not allied;
But in my memory lives, and ever will,
A mother's dying words—I hear them still;
She said to one who watch'd her parting breath,
'Don't separate the children at my death—
Ther're not both mine——' but here the scene was clos'd,
She died, and left us helpless and expos'd!
Nor time hath thrown, nor reason's opening pow'r,
One friendly ray on that benighted hour!"

This circumstance threw the lovers into a violent perplexity—it proved destructive of their felicity:

Health's foe, suspence, so irksome to be borne,
An ever piercing and retreating thorn,
Hung on their hearts, when nature bade them rise,
And stole content's bright ensign from their eyes!

They both proceed on a journey, in order to ascertain in their native village some particulars

respecting their family; on the way they meet an old soldier, who telling his tale, unravels the mystery: the *boy* proves to be the sister's natural child, and the *girl*, his own daughter:

Could nature hold—could youthful love forbear?
George clasp'd the wond'ring maid, and whisper'd "*There*,
You're mine for ever! O sustain the rest,
And hush the tumult of your throbbing breast!"

The *honest miller* was not less gratified at the discovery, and his benevolence shone out in all its native majesty. We shall transcribe the following beautiful lines by way of conclusion—the miller himself speaks:

"My heart's warm wishes thus then I fulfil,
My dame and I can live without the mill,
George, take the whole, I'll near you still remain,
To guide your judgment in the choice of grain.
In VIRTUE's path commence your prosperous life,
And from my hand receive your worthy wife.
Rise, *Phœbe*, rise, my girl, kneel not to me,
But to that POWER who interpos'd for thee;
Integrity hath mark'd your favorite youth,
Fair budding honor, constancy, and truth;
Go to his arms—and may unsullied joys
Bring smiling round me rosy girls and boys!
I'll love them for thy sake—and may your days
Glide on as glides the stream that never stays,
Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's decline,
May all your worth and all your virtues shine!"

Thus ends most impressively the tale of the *Miller's Maid*—a faithful transcript of the pas-

sions and feelings to be found in the lower classes of society. The author of such a piece must possess no small degree of benevolence; and may such *honest millers* abound in every age and country to bless mankind!

J. E.

APOLOGY
FOR
THE LOQUACITY OF WOMEN.

FROM SMELLIE'S PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"IT is a very ancient adage, that nature does nothing in vain. To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently as well as more fluently than men; she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called *animal spirits*. Why (it may be asked) has nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men?—For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers, hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them: these qualities are numerous—a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but useful attentions, joined to a facility of almost incessant *speaking*.

"Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious

offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted the men. These causes, besides their comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to *speak*. But employments of women are of a more domestic kind: household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are sufficient to engross their attention and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The *loquacity* of women is too often considered by poets, historians, and unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for speaking much, they blame nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women speak much—they ought to speak much—nature compels them to speak much; and when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said, that some men talk as much as women: granted—but beings of this kind I deny to be men; nature seems originally to have meant them for women, but by some cross accident, as happens in the production of *monsters*, the external *male form* has been superinduced upon a *female stock*."

We doubt whether our fair readers will be proud of their advocate, or even admit his positions.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 3.

LORD KENYON.

LLOYD KENYON was born at Gredington, in Flintshire, 1733. He was the eldest surviving son of Lloyd Kenyon, Esq. originally of Bryno, in that county.

He received the first principles of school education at Ruthen, in Denbighshire; whence he was soon removed, and articled to Mr. Tomlinson, an eminent and keen attorney at Nantwick, in Cheshire. Although this was rather an humble and obscure station, yet Mr. Kenyon, from his great application and superior penetration, must have derived considerable advantage from it. He became acquainted with the practice of the law in every department, and certainly discovered various proceedings which afterward suggested to him most useful hints in discovering characters, in exposing deceits, and in purifying the courts from several obnoxious members.

Mr. Kenyon served a regular clerkship, and when his articles expired, it was intended that he should have entered into partnership with his master; but Mr. Tomlinson died, and Mr. Kenyon resolved to enter on a sphere which gave a wider scope for the exertions of ability, and the reward of industry.

He therefore became a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1754, and was called to the bar in 1761. Happily Mr. Kenyon knew that his future fortune depended chiefly on himself: this stimulated his exertions; and however small his parental allowance was, yet this is greatly to his honor, that when young, he would always limit his expenditure to his income.

Having entered on this branch of his profession, conveyancing, his advancement was but slow: he was not recommended by any extensive connexions; his time was wholly devoted to his professional studies; nor did he possess those engaging powers which enliven society, and daily increase the circle of friends.

In 1773 he married a relative, the third daughter of George Kenyon, Esq. of Peele, in Lancashire.

He came into extensive and lucrative practice at the Chancery bar. His speeches were always more distinguished for deep legal knowledge and strong conviction, than adorned with the graces of elegance, or recommended by the display of oratory, or urbanity of address.

The year 1780 was memorable in the history of England for the mobs, first collected by Lord George Gordon, which for several days convulsed the metropolis, intimidated the magistrates, insulted the parliament, and outraged every restraint of order and justice. The attention of the public was fixed on the proceedings at the Old Bailey on the trial of this nobleman. His advocates, Mr. Kenyon and Mr.

Erskine, exerted themselves wonderfully in his favor. This trial brought them both forward into great celebrity.

In 1782, when the Marquis of Rockingham and his friends came into power, Mr. Kenyon was advanced to the honorable and important office of his majesty's attorney-general, without first having been made solicitor-general. At the same time he was made chief justice of Chester.

In parliament he represented Hindon, in Wiltshire, and took a decided part in politics, attaching himself from principle to the party of Mr. Pitt.

In March, 1784, he succeeded Sir Thomas Sewell in the high judicial situation and dignified office of master of the rolls—a situation which, if it did not equal the former in emolument, combines great dignity and comfort together, and is generally but a preparatory step to more substantial honors and more extensive influence. Here he was particularly connected with his great friend and patron, Lord Thurlow, as presiding in the court of Chancery.

In May, 1788, the venerable Earl of Mansfield resigned (though rather reluctantly) the truly honorable and important office of lord chief justice of the court of King's Bench; Sir Lloyd Kenyon was appointed to succeed him. It was well known that the wishes of Lord Mansfield pointed out another successor; he had a particular friendship for Judge Buller, and Sir Lloyd Kenyon was but little known and experienced in that court.

Now commenced a most important æra in the life of Lord Kenyon, who was called to the House of Peers, June 9, 1788, as Baron Kenyon. He was to enter on new and most important duties, in presiding over the criminal court of judicature of the whole kingdom. He was introduced there from another court, and the known warmth of his temper did not recommend him: perhaps he was not insensible to the prejudices entertained against him; he knew with what wonderful abilities Earl Mansfield had filled that station for so many years, that few could remember his predecessor; and he wisely resolved to do all that was proper to conciliate the favor of his court, to throw himself on their protection, and to suppress his irritable temper.

His worth was soon discovered and acknowledged. He treated the jury with due respect, and expressed an honest indignation against every species of vice, with a firm resolution to expose and punish it whenever it came before him in his judicial capacity; this gained him the confidence of the public, which he so well merited. His warmth of temper perhaps particularly calculated him to dispatch business, to indulge in no unnecessary harangues, not to take advantage of any little legal distinctions, but to come at once to the merit of the case, and to decide on the great and substantial principles of morality, religion, and justice. His addresses to the jury were short and forcible.

Lord Kenyon had not the great advantage of a regular academical education; whether to supply the deficiency of this, or to give a colour of authority to his judgments, he often interlarded them with scraps of Latin; whether from a classical writer, or the dullest author of the middle ages, to him was just the same; besides this, his quotations were frequently misapplied.

Gaming, adultery, and mean characters in the lower department of the law, are as great nuisances as can infest any civilized country, and too generally accompany declining morals in a luxurious and opulent nation. Against these evils Lord Kenyon set his face in a most decided and firm manner—no rank of station, no splendor of fortune, no solicitations of friends could screen the offenders.

Some of the lower practitioners of the law, who only exert their abilities to foment needless quarrels, to confound the plainest question, to perplex the clearest case, to delay, if not to frustrate the ends of justice; these men Lord Kenyon severely reproved, and removed several from practising in his court.

If Lord Kenyon did not fill the first law office in the kingdom, yet he filled the most desirable, if not the most honorable—a station not to be vacated by the changing politics of the day—a station of the greatest national importance.

With his ample means and high station, it is a wonder that he never contributed to any of the excellent public charities which adorn this

kingdom. Some have received peculiar objects on his recommendation, and have been honored with his warmest encomiums from the bench, but never received the necessary aid of one guinea from his purse. This was a defect which his best friends and warmest admirers must lament.

Lord Kenyon was remarkably quick, and saw almost with one glance of intuitive knowledge into the real drift of a question, and how the purposes of substantial justice might best be answered: what he discovered, he would speedily execute. At times his ideas seemed to crowd so closely for utterance, that he laboured for words to express himself, and his words were not always most judiciously selected—but his remarks were pertinent, his intention was right, his morality was that of the Gospel.

Lord Kenyon had lived a very active, laborious, studious life: his health and strength began to decline; when every little accident or difference in judgment shall appear to have a much greater effect than it really has—like a person stumbling may be overset by a straw or a twig. The disorder with which he was afflicted (the black jaundice) directly tended to lower his spirits, and to banish any rational hopes of his recovery. While at Bath, and writing to a late law lord, he thus expressed himself: "I am tired of the world—I am tired of the law—I am tired of myself." Wearisome days and nights were appointed unto him.—Lord Kenyon was a sincere believer, and tho'

his outward man thus suffered and was thus depressed, yet he had a well-founded hope of a better life hereafter. During the last weeks of his sufferings, Lord Kenyon took little or no nourishment, and scarce ever slept: he laboured under a general decay of nature, and died at his lodgings at Bath, April 2d, 1802, in the 69th year of his age.

He left two sons, George (the present Lord Kenyon), born in 1776, and the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, born in 1780.

Although Lord Kenyon lived in a dissipated age and a luxurious capital, yet he preserved an antient simplicity of manners. Strict temperance and the greatest regularity were habitual to him—he seldom tasted either wine or spirits; he constantly rose at six, and generally was in bed by ten. Every wise man knows the value of time, and will endeavor to improve this passing talent.

The name of Kenyon will be repeated with respect by future ages—will be classed with the Bacons, the Hales, the Blackstones, and with the most enlightened men and best benefactors of the state.

LITTLE DOMINICK,

OR, THE WELSH SCHOOLMASTER AND IRISH PUPIL.

(Concluded from page 155.)

DOMINICK, now no longer Little Dominick, went over to India as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed: we only know that he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on India affairs; that the dispatches of the general to whom he was secretary were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq. returned to England, after several years absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant—his utmost ambition was to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world, especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more!

On his arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy he saw the estate of Fort-Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he posted directly to an attorney's in Cecil-street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known demesne, and an elevation of that house in which he had spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched that he was on the point of paying down for an old ruin than a good new house would cost. The attorney *acted honestly by his client*, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices, which (as is sometimes the case in Ireland) were in a style far superior to the dwelling-house. Our hero surveyed these with transport: he rapidly planned various improvements in imagination, and planted several favorite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear—he started.

"Let him wait in the front parlour: his money is not forthcoming," said the attorney; "and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots——"

"Edwards! Good Heavens!—in jail!—What Edwards?" exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress by taking on himself his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that, of all the creditors, none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

"What is the rascal's demand? He shall be paid off this instant," cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort-Reilly: "send for him up, and let me pay him off on the spot."

"Had not we best finish our business first, about the O'Reilly estate, Sir?" said the attorney.

"No, Sir; damn the O'Reilly estate!" cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk; and taking up the bank-notes, which he had began to reckon for the purchase money—"I beg your pardon, Sir—if you knew the facts you would excuse me—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?"

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a Stentorian voice, "Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones, come up, and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid *at all*."

Up stairs hobbled the old school-master, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him—"Cot pless me, that voice——" he began.

"Where's your bond, Sir?" said the attorney.

"Safe here, Cot be praised!" said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom first a blue pocket handkerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar—which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

"Here is my pond," said he, "in the crammer," which he gathered from the ground;

then fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond; then, without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

"In the King's Bench prison, Sir," said the attorney. "But am I to understand," cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly estate, "am I to understand that you have no farther wish for this bargain?"

"Yes—No—I mean, you are to understand that I am off," replied our hero, without looking back—"I'm off—that's plain English."

Arrived at the King's Bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined: the bolts flew back—for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

"Edwards, my dear boy, how do you do?—Here's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions, only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—Our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones, you know—Well, how the man stares!—Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am? and must I *spake*," continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—"and must I *spake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricollict* your own *Little Dominick?*"

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

" Sir," said the attorney, " I have paid the plaintiff in this suit; and he is satisfied. But I must say," added he, with a contemptuous smile, " that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, Sir, is a thing that must be done slowly to be well done."

" I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did his business the better—Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly."

" Instantly!—'Tis well, Sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, Sir, amounting to a good round sum!—You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done."

" Just twice as much as was in the bond, but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion," said O'Reilly; " but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you were an honest man, in which you see I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant

and now mean should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards's use: I feared he would not have taken it from my hands, I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder indeed, but not an Irish blunder—our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart!"

DEATH OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

THE remains of this nobleman, who died lately at his seat at Lowther, was interred at Lowther, in the family vault, attended by his own servants, having given directions that his funeral should be private, and they only should attend; and although it was not known to any persons (except the family) when the ceremony was to be performed, yet a very great crowd of people, from the neighbouring villages, assembled, and behaved with the greatest decency and decorum.

We have been favoured with the particulars of his lordship's will and codicils, which are as follow:—

As public curiosity has been much excited respecting the disposition of his property, it will appear that he has provided liberally for all his family connections, and also for his servants.—His sister will have above 60,000l. besides the Barbadoes estate, of the value of 4,000l. a year.

The estate in Yorkshire, left to John Lowther, Esq. is above 5,000l. a year, and the estates in Cumberland and Westmorland, left to the present viscount, are supposed to be 40,000l. a year, including the Whitehaven estate, which was before intailed on him; besides, he will have nearly 100,000l. in personals, as 50,000l. in gold has already been found in his houses. The viscount is well known to be deserving of it all, as a more amiable, liberal, and benevolent man never existed.

It is no less singular than true, that he has appointed his housekeeper his sole executrix under his last will and testament, who is executing the important duties of that delegation accordingly.

HEADS OF THE WILL AND CODICILS.

He gave all his manors and estates in the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland, except burgages, unto Dr. Lowther and George Wood, Esq.

To the use of Sir William Lowther, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male.—Remainder to John Lowther, Esq. for life, and to his first and other sons in tail male, with remainder to the Countess Dowager of Darlington, for life, remainder to his own right heirs.

And gave all his manors and estates in the county of York to John Lowther, Esq. for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male, with remainder to Sir William Lowther for life, and to his first and other sons in

tail male, with the like remainders in favor of his three sisters for their lives, and then to his own right heirs.

Gave all his burgage and other houses and lands in the borough of Appleby, and in the borough of Cockermouth, to Sir William Lowther and his heirs.

And directed all his estates in Middlesex and Surry to be sold, as soon after his decease as convenient, and the money arising thereby to be applied as part of his personal estate.—And gave to Sir William Lowther, for ever, all his leasehold estates, goods, chattels, and other personal property not otherwise disposed of, chargeable with the payment of his funeral expences, legacies, and debts.—And directed the person who succeeded him in his Cumberland estates, to demand no heriot on his death, in respect of any estates he had purchased in Cumberland, in the following words, viz.

" And further it is my will and mind, that if the person, who shall succeed me in my Cumberland estates, or any part thereof, shall demand any heriot or heriots at my death, for or in respect of any estate or estates which I have purchased in the said county of Cumberland, that the person making such demand shall forfeit and pay to the person on whom such demand shall be made the sum of twenty thousand pounds, to be paid out of my Cumberland and Westmorland estates within six months after such heriot or heriots shall have been so demanded and required to be paid; and I do

hereby charge my said Cumberlandand Westmorland estates with the payment thereof."*

And directed that all his plate, furniture, pictures, and books, not otherwise disposed of, should be deposited at his dwelling house, at Lowther, to go as heir looms with the intail of his estate.—All the debts of the Countess of Lonsdale to be paid out of his real and personal property.—To his wife all such jewels and trinkets which she usually wore and was possessed of.—To her and her heirs the house and garden occupied by her at Fulham; together with the goods and furniture therein; and all the furniture in her bed-room, in his dwelling house in Charles-street, Berkley-square.—The following legacies, viz.

To his said wife 5000l.—To his three sisters 7000l. each.—To the Earl of Darlington, and his wife, 500l. each —To his said sisters all miniature pictures of his family.—Sir Michael

* This clause, which is copied verbatim, has, we hear, been misconceived; as it has been said that the Earl has directed that no heriots should be taken from any of his tenants by the devisees of his estates; which clearly appears otherwise, as the clause is merely between the owner and the intailed Whitehaven estate and the Earl's own purchased estates, which adjoin. The Whitehaven estate was intailed on the present Viscount, by old Sir James Lowther, and Lord Londsdale could not leave it from him; but his Lordship having purchased estates within some of the intailed manors, which were liable to pay heriots to those manors, having an objection, as it is supposed, to have any heriot demanded, he inserted the above clause in his Will.

le Fleming, Bart. such sum of money as he was indebted to him, and also 1000l.—Mrs. Gowland, such sum as she was indebted to him, and 200l.—And to Richard Penn, Esq. such sum as he was indebted to him, and 100l.—Mrs. Bucknall, an annuity of 21l.—To Hannah Francis, 200l. and an annuity of 100l.—Mrs. Dunn, the house and garden she occupied, for life, and 200l. and an annuity, of 150l. for her life, and if her daughter survived her, the same for her life.—Gave all his property in the island of Barbadoes to his three sisters.—Lydia Tabberer, widow, 300l. a year for her life, and also 2000l.—Gave mourning to all his servants, and two years wages to each, over and above what was owing to them; and recommended to Sir William Lowther to continue them in his service, at the same wages.—Gave to James Lowther, Esq. 2000l. to his wife the like sum, and to his children, 1000l. each.

And appointed Sir William Lowther sole residuary legatee of all his goods, chattels, and personal estate.

At the interment of the late Earl of Lonsdale, the funeral service was read in a very affecting manner by the Rev. Dr. Lowther.—In the parish church of Lowther, there are two family vaults. In one of these, amongst others of his lordship's ancestors, were interred Henry Lord Viscount Lowther, and John Lord Viscount Lowther, who was chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of Queen Anne.—His lordship's remains were deposited in the other, next to those of his aunt, Mrs. Barbara Low-

ther, who was buried about forty years ago since which time the vault had not been opened.

The following account is not more remarkable than true:—Amongst the numerous hired servants in the late Earl of Londsdale's family, at Lowther Hall, in Westmorland, there are now living eleven men and women, whose servitude amounts to 467 years, twelve men and women, whose term amounts to 349 years; other men, women, and boys, in number sixty-nine, whose servitude has been from 2 to 27 years each.—All the above persons, in number 92, are at present in the service of Lord Viscount Lowther.

JACKSON'S JOURNEY

OVERLAND FROM INDIA TOWARDS ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 142.)

HAVING now entered those places in which travellers are in constant danger from the disposition of the inhabitants, the author says—Our Sheik represented to us that this was a very dangerous situation, and recommended to us to keep our arms in case of an attack. We had each a gun, a brace of pistols, and a sabre; and our Sheik, his brother, and all the guards, remained under arms during the night. They placed some centinels at a distance from the tents for fear of a surprise, and passed the

watch-word from one to another the night through. We were not, however, molested.

To be obliged to have weapons by my side while lying down on the bare earth to take a little rest, was what I had never before experienced. Whoever travels through these countries ought not to put so much value on his life as I conceive Europeans in general do, where they are perfectly secure, except from casualties. This country is in a state of perpetual warfare; many of the inhabitants, under no controul, live in a state of nature, and are not susceptible of the nobler passions.

They murder and plunder, without remorse, all whom they can overpower, except their own tribe. Such is the present state of one of the most fertile countries in the universe. No traveller is safe, having reason to expect every moment to be attacked by a superior force; but when I undertook this journey I was perfectly resigned and prepared to encounter difficulties and dangers. Our Sheik conducted himself much to our satisfaction, and did every thing in his power to make us comfortable.

Arriving at the town called Hse, having an unfavorable opinion of the inhabitants, our Sheik mustered all his guards a little above the town, amounting to thirty men, all exceedingly well armed, and dressed in their best clothes.

Our Sheik spread a carpet on the ground, and with his brother and another principal officer, sat down, having all the guards under arms drawn up near them. Here they were visited

by the principal men in the town, who were treated with pipes and coffee. The Sheik, however, kept the double-barrelled gun lying on the carpet before him, and ready to fire in a moment—the other officers and men being equally prepared.

This ceremony must appear very strange to those who are wholly unacquainted with the singular manners and customs of these people; but all this caution is perfectly necessary till they have given the salem and eat together—when that has been done, there can be no room for apprehension: an Arab, after he has eaten or drank with another, let him be ever so great a stranger, and of whatever religion or country, would sooner perish than suffer him to receive the least injury either in person or property; and whoever in distress puts himself under the protection of an Arab, may rely upon being defended in the most faithful manner.

The Samiel, or hot Winds.

I had here (says the author) an opportunity of observing the progress of the hot winds, called by the natives Samiel, which sometimes prove very destructive, particularly at this season. They are most dangerous between twelve and three o'clock, when the atmosphere is at its greatest degree of heat. Their force entirely depends on the surface over which they pass. If it be over a desert, where there is no vegetation, they extend their dimensions with amazing velocity, and then their progress is sometimes to windward. If over grass, or

any other vegetation, they soon diminish and lose much of their force. If over water, they lose all their electrical fire, and ascend; yet I have sometimes felt their effect across the river where it was at least a mile broad. An instance of this happened here: Mr. Stevens was bathing in the river, having on a pair of Turkish drawers. On his return from the water, there came a hot wind across the river, which made his drawers and himself perfectly dry in an instant! Had such a circumstance been related to him by another person, he declared he could nat have believed it. I was present, and felt the hot wind; but should otherwise have been as incredulous as Mr. Stevens.

In an early part of the work the author notices the drought of the desert, and says—All our prospect consisted of a burning desert covered with a crust of salt, making a noise under the feet similar to that caused by walking on frozen snow. A stranger to this country could not possibly form any idea of the heat upon the desert: the bare feet of an European would be blistered in a moment, and I felt some inconvenience to mine even through a pair of strong boots.

Passing the remains of ancient Ctesiphon, we met with several stout vessels, some upwards of two hundred tons burden, laden with firewood, and bound to Bagdad. They appeared to me of such a singular construction, and so ill adapted for the purpose, that I was induced to take a sketch of one of them.

The rudder is composed of a great quantity of rough timbers very aukwardly put together, and is guided by a tiller. They are built of very coarse materials, and covered with a thick coat of bitumen. The lofty head is generally ornamented with a variety of shells stuck into the bitumen. They form altogether a very uncouth specimen of naval architecture, and require twenty and sometimes thirty trackers; but when the wind blows strong, even they are not able to move them.

On my enquiring the reason why they made use of vessels so ill adapted to the purpose, that a man with a very slight knowledge of naval architecture might soon discover their inconveniences, and observing, that a vessel built upon a plan similar to our ware barges would carry as much cargo, draw less water, and might be worked with one third of the men, the answer I received convinced me of the danger and inutility of attempting any innovation among these people. I was told, that the children invariably continued to follow the trade of their forefathers; thus the sons of a carpenter are all carpenters, &c. that their forefathers had always built vessels upon the same plan, and that it would be reckoned very profane in them to deviate from the custom of their ancestors. This completely solves the problem, and shews to what a length superstition and prejudice is carried among them.

These people have continued from the earliest period to speak the same language, wear the same kind of dress, and eat and drink in the

same manner; their mode of warfare is still the same; and scarcely the slightest deviation has taken place in their manners and customs, prejudices and passions, though almost every other nation has undergone a thorough revolution within a few centuries.

Should a man here, convinced of a defect in any branch of trade, offer to adopt an improvement, complaint would be made to the mufti, and the artist pay for his temerity with his life.

Description of Bagdad.

The streets are very narrow and dusty. I (continues the author) had near half a mile to go every night to sleep, and usually set out about eleven o'clock, always taking a Turkish servant with a lanthorn, as it would have been very dangerous to walk at such a time without a light. Scorpions, tarantulas, and other noxious insects are very numerous. Of the former I have frequently killed four or five in a night; they are of the large black kind, and their stings often prove mortal.

All persons in the summer season sleep on the tops of their houses; and I have often been entertained by seeing the people run off with their clothes in their hands at sun-rise, for as soon as it has risen above the horizon it becomes excessively hot. I soon learned, however, that even looking over our own parapet wall was a deed of danger, for that the Turks would not hesitate a moment to shoot at any person whom they might discover overlooking their houses.

The house where I slept was near the middle of the city, and very lofty, none being higher in the city, except the minarets, the seraglio, and a few houses belonging to the ministers and principal officers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Female Mentor.

NO. 2.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Know they to seize the captivated soul,
To give society its highest charm,
Well order'd home, man's best delight, to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the *female* dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

IT is, I believe, universally allowed, that an union of hearts is the firmest bond of marriage. The entering, therefore, into so solemn an engagement without regarding the principle on which it should be founded, must be the essence of folly and absurdity. To speak of conjugal felicity to the wretched victims of ambition or of avarice, would be both useless and cruel, as they must either be incapable of forming an idea of it, or doomed through life to lament that they are deprived of its enjoyments.

I now address myself, therefore, to those happy few whom love has united at the altar of Hymen. "Love!" some critic may exclaim, "what a vague term!" I allow that it is very difficult to investigate its nature, as the mode both of feeling and of expressing it vary in everyindividual who own its influence.

But conjugal affection, one should hope, is by no means subject to such equivocal appearances: it is tenderness warmed by friendship and cemented by esteem, unmixed with selfish or debasing passions, tending solely to promote the happiness of the object beloved.

That harmony of souls, which constitutes the felicity of wedded life, cannot be too anxiously sought after, nor too dearly purchased: it should be more sought than wealth, more valued than beauty, for without its smiling influence all domestic intercourse must be cheerless, cold, and vapid. To secure this desirable ingredient in the cup of matrimony, great care should be taken to form such connections only where there is a coincidence of age, temper, understanding, rank, and fortune—for great inequalities seldom produce happiness. But grant all these things fortunately combined to make an union perfect, then, my fair friends, be it your most earnest endeavor to keep your husbands' hearts from sinking into the incurable disease of tasteless apathy. Place not too much confidence in your personal charms: there are many instances where great personal beauty has failed to secure the heart of a husband,

even though it had been the only magnet that first attracted him;

> Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in his eye, and palls upon his sense.
> ADDISON.

Much is to be done by a proper attention to his temper and inclinations; neglect nothing, however trifling it may appear to you, that give him pleasure. Always receive his friends with cheerfulness; entertain them without distaste, even though they should not be exactly the kind of people you would have selected as intimates. The kindness of such attentions will never be lost on a sensible man—it will imperceptibly strengthen his affections, and be a far better security for their permanency than all the *cosmetics* that even Warren can furnish. If women would only exert the same powers to please the husband as they before used to gain the lover, they would generally succeed; at least we should not have so many wandering, seeking abroad for that happiness which, if not found at home, is never found at all.

It is doubtless the great business of a woman's life to render home at once pleasing and comfortable to her husband, and it is her interest that he should feel himself happier there than in any other place; by seeing himself the principal object of her attention, he will delight still more in her society, and not seek for amusements abroad when every wish is gratified at home.

Having viewed marriage on the favorable side, let us now shift the scene, and take a cursory view of its defects.

Suppose a young and amiable woman, tenderly attached to her husband, exerting every power to please him: unfortunately, however, she finds too late what she had never before suspected—that his mind is inconstant and his heart depraved, his affections lost to her, perhaps fixed on some unworthy object, to whom he devotes that time and fortune of which she alone should partake. In such a state of mental misery let us consider how a young woman should conduct herself. In the first place, I premise that, however painful the task, she must confine the secret entirely to her own breast—it is too delicate a subject to admit of a *confidant*: few men would pardon the woman that had dared to complain of their conduct, so tenacious are they of their right to rule and be obeyed.

It would be foreign to this little essay to enquire whether these very high pretensions are founded in strict equity; we shall only observe, that man, the proud lord of this lower world, will never willingly resign the sceptre of dominion; and woman has not the power to wrest it from his hands—nor would it be commendable were her power equal to the task. To submit patiently then to restraints that neither complaints or repinings can alter, is at once both her interest and her duty—for to resent would be ridiculous, and to retaliate criminal;

it must in many cases be borne with submissive resignation.

I own it is a very difficult task to conceal an aching heart beneath a smiling countenance, perhaps the most so that could be imposed on an ingenuous and feeling woman, and yet it is the only method she can pursue likely to reclaim the wanderer back to the tender endearments of social life, and to restore, by so doing, his and her own happiness. Having once fixed in her own mind the idea that there are no other means likely to restore her lost repose, she will be enabled to pursue her arduous undertaking with serenity. If in this case she has to deal with a man who, though he may have some errors, is not quite destitute of sense and feeling, she can scarcely fail to be rewarded for her patience and magnanimity. Should he, on the other hand, be too lost and depraved to feel as he ought the merits of her amiable and forbearing conduct, her heart will at last become indifferent to his pursuits from reiterated disappointments; she will at least find a suspension from sorrow in the consoling recollection, that she had performed all the duties of her station with tenderness, affection, and fidelity.

There are some women so weak as to proclaim to the world every little error in their husbands' conduct, and think by that means to excite pity for their own sufferings. Good Heavens, what weakness! People no way interested in their affairs listen out of mere curiosity to their tale, it makes no impression on their hearts, and if they retain it in their memories, it is only to

report it most likely to the disadvantage of the weak person that intrusted them with it.—Others again loudly announce their anger to their offending lords, asserting with harsh and unbecoming rage their privilege of speech. And what end does this answer? None—for love was never yet recalled by anger or by upbraiding: no woman ever regained the affections of a truant husband either by strength of lungs or by weight of argument. Some will, under the circumstances we have been describing, assume an appearance of levity, and think by that means they shall alarm their husbands by the dread of losing them; but this method is generally fruitless—at best they only wound their husbands' pride: for love, without regaining his affections, flies from such a state of warfare, and no woman ever yet recovered her own repose by showing her husband that she was become indifferent to his felicity.

There is such a variety of circumstances continually arising in families to disturb the harmony of domestic life, that it is impossible to specify them all—we can only on general subjects give general rules. Prudence assisted by duty will doubtless suggest to every well informed woman that she must bear with fortitude and patience the many cares and perplexities that arise in wedded life: no rank, however elevated, can place a woman above their influence. She must frequently resign her own opinions to adopt those of her husband. She may perhaps be expected to relinquish habits long formed, or to resign friends long valued,

to secure her own future repose. This must be done without murmuring; her very submission should be concealed, and appear out of compliment to her husband, to be more the result of choice than restraint. Nor should even her tenderness be obtrusive—for over fondness not unfrequently creates disgust; and, above all, she must be prepared to go with him through every change in scene, those of sickness and poverty: for no change of outward circumstances can absolve a wife from performing the duties that she owes to her husband and her family. Bearing this idea in her memory, she will not find it difficult to perform properly those important duties belonging to her station.

For the Monthly Visitor.

CARDINAL VIRTUES.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

MADAME LAVERGNE had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris: Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his

amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Mad. Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous as to bring a man before the judgment-seat who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favor that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th *Germinal*, of the second year of the republic (June 25th, 1794), and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation, she presented herself before the committee of general safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she

represented as a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

" Imagine, O citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne, " such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, O citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man——"

At these words every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her

with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her with a scornful smile that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men, contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation, and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it

did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal: then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added—"And is it then so great a misfortune, Madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation: she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towares heaven and exclaimed—"Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! Go, monster!" she cried to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear; then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me!"

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commence—M. Lavergne is called for—the jailors support him thither on a mattrass; a few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him,

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, "*Vive le Roi!*" The persons nearest the place whereon she stood eagerly surrounded, and endeavored to silence her, but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of "*Vivê le Roi!*" The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and stair-cases still resounded every instant with "*Vive le Roi!*" till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart —I adore the system which you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons; a few minutes afterward she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die! From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her

beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name: at the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection.

"Do not be alarmed," she said, "it is your faithfel wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together!" Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them for ever!

(To be continued.)

AIR BALLOON.

(On account of the length of the following article, we are under the necessity of giving it in continuation, which shall be done as briefly as possible, so as not to injure the narrative.—It is of an interesting nature, has been the subject of great public attention, and highly merits a place on record.)

ASCENSION OF M. GARNERIN WITH CAPT. SOWDEN, ON THE 28TH OF JUNE, FROM RANELAGH GARDENS, CHELSEA.

WRITTEN BY M. GARNERIN.

AT five o'clock on this day, the balloon having been carried round the ring, the travellers, placed in the car, took their leave amidst the applauses and anxious good wishes of the surrounding company, and sprung majestically towards the celestial regions, where the raging winds seemed to be the rulers.

The inhabitants of London had then an opportunity of seeing the balloon rise proudly from the Thames, and lose itself in the immensity of space, and in the same manner as they were seen on the 18th Brumaire (9th of November) springing from the very bosom of the Seine, at Paris. At the moment of departure, the balloon directed its course across St. James's Park. Perceiving then that the aerostatic vehicle was

descending, Mr. Garnerin threw out some ballast; he then rose much above St. Paul's, where the travellers had an opportunity of viewing at one sight the beautiful city of London and its suburbs. The temperature was already 15 degrees colder—Mr. Garnerin and Mr. Sowden felt quite chilly. London soon disappeared by crossing a cloud, which, being surmounted, made them likewise lose sight of the earth. The temperature was milder. The inflammable air began then to dilate, and the aëronauts provided the means of safety by procuring every necessary emission of air. Dinner was then introduced, and eaten with pleasure and appetite; at desert Mr. Garnerin informed Captain Sowden that their journey was drawing to a conclusion, and it was necessary to prepare for a descent extremely hazardous, on account of the excessive violence of the wind, which was likely to precipitate the travellers and the machine on the trees, on the hedges, on the houses, and, in fact, on every thing that would obstruct their passage.

The travellers had been exploring the atmosphere upwards of half an hour only; and having no idea of being at such a distance, thought it, nevertheless, expedient to come down. Mr. Garnerin opened the *soupape*, or aperture of his balloon, to cross again the same cold and dark clouds already mentioned. The earth became visible as well as the sea, which they approached very nearly, an arm of which they even crossed in various points. The anchor and cordage were ready for landing. The fury of

the wind made the balloon bounce from place to place, as it grounded, and dragged the travellers through fields, trees, and bushes, by which their hands were torn to pieces. The anchor now and then caught ground, and fastened at last to a hedge near a house, whose inhabitants, frightened at the sight of the aërial machine, not only declined to give assistance, but actually offered to fire on the venturesome travellers. At this juncture the rope that fastens to the anchor broke, and the machine was carried with additional violence against a tree, by which Mr. S. received a severe blow on the head. The balloon, however, having been torn in the lower part, both the cords and netting of the railing of the car broke, the wind again forced away the gentlemen from the tree they were strongly clasping; but with the assistance of a new, though last exertion, the aëralists had an opportunity of leaving the car and balloon, which fell upwards of 200 yards farther.

Messrs. Garnerin and Sowden were then four miles beyond Colchester, they went over Epping Forest, &c. and performed this long and arduous journey in the short space of three quarters of an hour.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT,

Written by Captain Sowden.

On our first ascending we felt a few drops of rain. After we had gained the height of about 300 feet, I desired Mr. Garnerin not to ascend any higher till he had passed the metropolis, that the inhabitants might be gratified with a fair view of us. When we had got a small distance from London, we ascended through some very thick clouds, of which I could perceive three distinct rows, at the lower one of which we found the quicksilver of the thermometer at 15 degrees, and I was obliged to put on my great coat; but on ascending still higher, we found the air more temperate, and the quicksilver rise gradually to five degrees above summer heat. We then seemed to be stationary, and felt no more motion than one would feel in sitting in a chair in a room. I then proposed to overhaul our lockers, where we found a ham, a cold fowl, a cake, and two bottles of orgeat—wine or spirits being dangerous to take, owing to the rarefication of the air. The chill of the clouds having given us an appetite, we made a table on our knees with the seats of the car, and eat a very hearty meal. The clouds then dispersed from under us, and we had a delightful view of the country. Whether it is owing to the rarefication of the air, or to the strong light thrown on the earth, I cannot determine, but I found that my sight, which at all times is rather weak, became so

strong that I could easily distinguish the minutest objects on the earth: it appeared like a vast panorama, or map, of about fifty miles in circumference, where we could not only follow with our eyes the different cross-roads and intersections on it, but even distinguish the ruts on them, and the very furrows in the field. The sense of hearing was stronger here than on earth; for at the height of 15,000 feet we could distinctly hear the rattling of the carriages on the roads, the lowing of the cattle, and the acclamations of the people who saw us; though, at the same time, we could hardly hear ourselves speak; and I am persuaded, that a person on the earth, with a strong voice and a speaking-trumpet, might make himself perfectly understood by any person at that height in the air.—I have observed that almost every sensation I experienced while in the upper regions was exactly contrary to what is the general opinion of the public. I was assured by a number of the most celebrated *literati*, who pretended to be very learned on that subject, that I should find the cold increase the higher I ascended; instead of which, I found the heat increase to that degree, that I was obliged to take both my great coat and jacket off. It is also the general opinion, that looking down from so stupendous a height renders a person so giddy as not to be able to keep his seat; on the contrary, I found that I could look down with a vast deal of pleasure, and without experiencing that inconvenience; whereas, looking round on the vast expanse that surrounded us rendered my

eyes so dim that I was sometimes a few minutes before I could perfecly recover my sight. I experienced no difficulty of breathing, or inconvenience from the motion of the balloon; for, though we moved with immense velocity, we felt not the least wind or pressure of air, it being so perfectly calm, that the flags in our hands, and those with which the balloon was decorated, hung supine, nor did they stir. I observed, that between every row of clouds, not only the atmosphere, but the wind, varied several degrees; for, on our passing through the first cloud on leaving London, the wind, which had before been nearly south-west, changed to south south-east, by which means we found ourselves over St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. On ascending still higher, the wind became nearly west, which drove us over Epping Forest, which I distinguished very plainly, it appeared like a gooseberry-bush!! I then pointed out our course to Mr. Garnerin on the map, and observed to him that we should soon perceive the sea, which in a short time we saw very plainly. Mr. Garnerin then told me we had not a moment to lose, and must descend with all possible speed; at the same time, pointing out a very heavy cloud to me, nearly under us, and said, "*Il faut que nous passions a travers de ce drole la accrochez vous ferme car nous allons nous casser le col.*" I answered, "*De tout mon cœur.*"—We then opened the valve, and we descended with rapidity. On rushing into the cloud, I found, as he had conjectured, it contained as violent a squall of

wind and rain as ever I experienced. The attraction of the water, the force of the wind, and the constant emission of the gas from the valve, hurled us with such velocity towards the earth, that I expected to see his prediction verified, though, I can assure you, my ideas at that time did not coincide with the answer I made him. Mr. Garnerin still retained all his coolness and presence of mind; and while we were descending with that extreme swiftness, desired me, the moment I should find the car about to touch the earth, to catch hold of the hoop which was fastened to the bottom of the net, to which the car was suspended, and lift myself up to the net, by which means we saved ourselves from being dashed to pieces. The balloon did not reascend immediately, but dragged us along the ground with astonishing swiftness for the length of nearly three fields before the grappling-iron took good hold, and then we thought ourselves safe, being close to a farm-house, from which several persons came out to see us; but though we threw out ropes to them, and called for help, they were so consternated that neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on them to come to our assistance; for, as I afterwards heard, they took us to be two sorcerers, it being rather an unusual thing to see two men coming down post haste from the clouds. We were about three minutes in that situation, till another gust of wind broke our cable, and we ascended again nearly 600 feet. In the bustle of preparing the ropes for the farmers, Mr. Garnerin had let the rope be-

longing to the valve slip out of his hand, by which means the bottom of the balloon was pressed upwards by the wind. Mr. Garnerin desired me to try to regain it, which I at last effected by climbing up into the net, though the force of the wind struck the tin tubes fastened at the bottom of the balloon, and through which the rope led, with such violence against my face, that it had nearly stunned me. Having recovered, we re-descended, but were borne with such violence across the country, sometimes along the ground, sometimes in the air, that I several times proposed to Mr. Garnerin to abandon the balloon, and to save ourselves; but he continually objected to it, and reminded me of my promise not to quit him. In the mean time we were dashed against several trees, one of which had nearly destroyed us. Being with my back towards it, I received a blow on the head, which threw me at full length at the bottom of the car. Mr. Garnerin, in attempting to assist me, was nearly thrown overboard, two of the cords that had held the car broke, and at the same time some of the branches tore the balloon; upon which Mr. Garnerin called out, "The balloon is torn, and we are saved." Another gust of wind disengaged us from the tree, and we touched the ground once more, with a less violent shock than before. We then both got out, but so exhausted with our numerous exertions, that we had hardly strength to follow the balloon, which fell again 200 paces further, when we completely mastered it, by throwing ourselves

upon it, and by that means pressing out the remainder of the gas. It rained so very hard, that I proposed to Garnerin to leave the balloon in the field, and go in search of some house for shelter and refreshment. We accordingly made the best of our way to a house which we espied about half a mile off, belonging to a Mr. Kingsbery; and here a very curious mistake took place. When we enquired for the master of the house, Mr. Kingsbery appeared, but seeing two persons of so strange an appearance (Mr. Garnerin having a French hat on, with the national cockade, bearing the tri-coloured flag, and myself being in a sailor's dress, with the union jack in my hand), he imagined we came on account of the election; and before we could address him, said, "Gentlemen, though I am a freeholder, I have made a determination not to vote for one side or the other." So much was he impressed with this idea, that it was some time before we could make him sensible that we had nothing to do with the election, but that we came in a balloon in three quarters of an hour from London, that we were very much bruised and tired, and that we required his assistance and shelter. He then received us in the most hospitable manner, not only providing us with refreshments and dry clothes, but even offered us beds, the use of his house and horses, and sent immediately some farmers with a cart, to carry the balloon from the field and convey it to a place of safety; and as we expressed a wish to get to Colchester that night, he sent for a post-chaise to convey

us thither, where we were received with loud acclamations by the inhabitants. The next day we returned to Fingering Hoe, where we had left the balloon, and after drying it on the grass, packed it up, and made the best of our way to town, where we arrived on four o'clock the next morning.

The diameter of Garnerin's balloon is about 20 feet; in round numbers, the surface is about 1200 feet, and the solid contents rather more than 8000 cubic feet. The inflammable air, or hydrogen gas, with which it is distended, is from ten to thirteen times lighter than atmospheric air; a cubic foot of inflammable air weighs 41 1-half grains, while the same bulk of atmospheric air weighs 538 grains: the whole volume of air in the balloon would weigh 44lb. while the same bulk of atmospheric would be equal to 562lb.

The eagle can fly in a minute 6013 English feet. M. Garnerin's balloon went at the rate of 6492. A hawk belonging to Henry II. King of France, flew away from Fontainbleau, and was caught 24 hours after at the island of Malta. In that time, therefore, this animal had travelled 1000 English miles, which make 42 miles per hour, or 3698 feet per minute. At the rate at which M. Garnerin's balloon proceeded, it would go round the globe in 13 days and a half, allowing the circumference of it to be 2400 miles.

(M. Garnerin's second ascension, &c. shall be given in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTES OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

DR. GOLDSMITH discovered at a very early period signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight evinced a natural turn for rhyming. The following instance of his early wit is handed down :—

A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician (very archly, as he supposed) compared him to Æsop dancing; and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort :—

" Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

This smart reply decided his fortune, for from that time it was determined to send him to the university. With this view he was removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgeworthyton, distant about twenty miles from his home.

In his last journey to this school he had an adventure which is thought to have suggested the plot of his 'Mistakes of a Night.' Some friend had given him a guinea, and in his way to Edgeworthyton he had diverted himself the whole day by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of night he found himself in a small town named Ardah. Here he enquired for the best house in the place (meaning an inn), but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse and lead him to the stable, he alighted, and was shewn into the parlour, being supposed a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately discovered Oliver's mistake; and being a man of humour, and also learning from him the name of his father (who happened to be his acquaintance), he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife, and daughters to partake of it, treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast: nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A GENTLEMAN, one day, passing the streets of London, observing a chimney-sweep with a bone of mutton in his hand, which, after picking very bare, he offered to a dog, and when the poor beast came forward to snatch it, wagging his tail, the sweep hit him a cruel blow on the nose, and sent him away yowling without the bone. The gentleman, not appearing to notice the behaviour of the sweep, called the boy to him, and said, "You're a fine little fellow, there's a sixpence for you." The boy held out his hand very greedily to receive it, when the gentleman hit him a smart blow on the knuckles with his cane, instead of giving him the sixpence. The sweep cried out—"What's that for?" To which the gentleman replied, "If the dog could have asked you that question, what would you have answered?"

THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD AND THE MAN OF FASHION.

A MODERN beau of fashion, on a visit to the late Duke of Bedford, was prevailed on with difficulty by his grace to join the hunting party: when the fox broke cover, and the hounds were in full cry, the duke rode up to the beau, and with all the fire and enthusiasm of a sportsman exclaimed, "What delightful music!" To which the beau answered, "Confound the dogs, they make such a noise, I can't hear it."

CITY BULL.

THE following is said to be a fact:—At the great dinner lately given at the Mansion House, the lord mayor, in compliment to M. Otto, who was present, gave, as a toast, "*The Three Consuls:*" but the crier, in repeating the toast aloud to the company, threw the whole room into a convulsion of laughter, for he bawled out—"Gentlemen, the *Three per Cent. Consols!*"

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

A FEW days ago, an honest jack tar, just discharged, and rolling in money, on awaking out of a sound sleep, called out, "What ship, ahoy!" On which he was told that he was at an inn at Prescott. He then asked how many leagues it was to Liverpool, and whether any packet sailed soon? He was told it was eight miles to Liverpool, and that no stage coach passed that way for several hours; on which he told the landlord to rig him a sloop immediately, and he'd steer for Liverpool. After some consideration, the landlord ordered one of his chaises out, and Jack was told the sloop was ready. Jack instantly stept forward, and seeing the driver holding the chaise door open, swore pretty roundly, and asked him, had he a mind to cram him in the hold. No; he swore but he'd keep the deck! Accordingly, he sprang on the top, and told the driver to weigh

anchor, and hoist all the sail he could carry.—They had not proceèded far, before a sore-footed pedestrian, seeing no one in the chaise, called out to the driver to give him a lift for a few miles. The driver asked his employer if he might take him up on the top? To which Jack replied, "No, he sha'n't come upon the deck, douse him below into the hold!" The weary passenger of course got into the chaise, and Jack, on the quarter-deck (as he called it), rode triumphantly into Liverpool.

For the Monthly Visitor.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence, us'd is life.

YOUNG.

HOW few are there who truly estimate the importance and value of time: how seldom is it filled up with engagements worthy the attention of beings possessed of rational and immortal souls. All will acknowledge its shortness, and yet how small the number of those who devote it to the pursuit of wisdom, the acquisition of knowledge, or improvement of virtue. How frequently is it lost in the circles of dissipation, destroyed at the tables of turbulent festivity, and murdered in nocturnal scenes of riot and debauchery. We all pride ourselves on the possession of reason, and yet the highest ambition of many does not lead them to equal the instinctive brute. We

plume ourselves on the employments of which we are capable, and yet, while surrounded with the riches of nature (who courts our approbation of her infinite variety), the favorite employ of many is to kill those hours which, when murdered, will but stare them in the face:—

Oh, the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless; and how terrible when gone!
Gone? They ne'er go—when past they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns!

Time is a most invaluable treasure, but its worth is seldom truly estimated till we are on the point of losing it; from the school-boy to the decrepit old man, we lavish it with most extravagant profusion. We squander that in trifles which was given for an important end, and for the use or abuse of which we must account at a future period; we torture ourselves with inventions to accelerate its flight, though swifter than the whilwind, and more powerful than a deluge.

O time! than gold more sacred! more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.

The uncertainty, shortness, and velocity of time, are so many pungent motives to let no parts of it slip without an equivalent. An equivalent! What is an equivalent? Ask

death-beds—they can tell! It is not sufficient that we do not destroy it in the intemperance of vice, or extravagance of folly; it should be rendered subservient to the dictates of humanity, and the practice of virtue.

The man who consecrates his hours,
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws she sting of life and death,
He walks with nature—and her paths are peace!

Gravesend, I. B.
July 10, 1802.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

AN ENIGMATICAL LIST OF
BAPTIST MINISTERS IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Answered by a Correspondent.

1. Green.
2. Law.
3. Barker.
4. Heighton.
5. Reyley.
6. Pain.
7. Hogg.
8. Fuller.
9. Edmonds.
10. Morris.

ENIGMA.

(To be answered in our next.)

BEFORE the circling course of time,
Or months, or years, were known,
I in the great Eternal's mind
Most eminently shone.

Before the glorious skies above
Were in due order fram'd,
And all the shining worlds of light
Were distinctly nam'd,

By me the earth's foundations were
Laid with exquisite skill,
And all the wat'ry columns did
Their appointed channels fill.

By me did Bacon's genius pierce
Thro' thickest glooms of night,
And on the cause of science cast
Refulgent beams of light.

By me immortal Newton fix'd
The laws of gravity,
And penetrated deep into
The science of astronomy.

But to perfection I never shall
Upon this earth be found—
But in the happy realms above
Fully shall abound.

CHARADE.

My first to each fond parent dear
Yields sweet extatic joy,
And oft by conduct vile and bad
Their blooming hopes destroy.

My next is known to fishermen,
And by them often sought,
By which numbers of the finny tribe
Safe on the shore are brought.

My whole a poem will declare,
Which oft is written on the fair.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

AS any subject that is in the least degree likely to improve mankind, or benefit society, appears always to claim your attention, I have presumed to offer to your notice some remarks on the nature and utility of the masonic institution—an institution which, founded on the broad basis of religion and virtue, has stood the test of ages, and defied the ravages of time. That man is a social being, is readily admitted: the gift of speech, the helplessness of childhood, and imbecilities of age, rendered it obvious that nature never designed him for solitude. Placed in a world of uncertainty, exposed to misfortunes, subject to infirmity, liable to disease, and constantly dependent on the kind assistance

of our fellow-creatures, we learn to extend mutual aid—hence flows the tear of sensibility, and hence the generous heart pursues wretchedness to her haunts, and strives to mitigate the sum of human misery: we see edifices erected for the most salutary purposes, the widow supported, and the orphan protected. Being equally exposed, from the monarch to the peggar, all mankind combine against the common enemy, if not to vanquish, to repel his shafts. Here we find that men, from nature and necessity, unite in society; but it is much to be lamented that from the depravity of human nature this union too frequently tends to encourage folly and promote vice. Now I humbly conceive it will be granted that any attempt to render this union subservient to the purposes of wisdom and improvement of virtue, is laudable, and merits support. This is the sole and grand aim of the masonic institution. But to form a proper estimate of this invaluable society, it will be necessary to glance at some of its advantages to man as an individual, and society at large.

At the initiation of every person, the first thing presented to him is the holy Bible, which he is taught to consider as the unerring standard of truth and justice, and from which he derives the origin of all wisdom, the love and fear of God; and by faith, in which he obtains that—

Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy.

He is next led into the regions of science, and from a survey of the works of nature instructed to adore its divine Author, and strive to excel in the practice of every virtue—virtue, the grand object in view, luminous as the meridian sun, shines refulgent on the mind, enlivens the heart, harmonises the soul, mitigates calamity, supports in adversity, and leads us through the chequered path of life with the serenity of complacence and self-approbation. The duties of society are forcibly impressed on his mind, which, if attended with the desired effect, must make him the good husband, father, and friend. He is directed to consider the whole human species as one family, and to the utmost of his abilities instruct the ignorant, and ease the pains of helpless disease. To dry the tears of the widow, instruct the orphan, and protect the fatherless, is the glory of human nature, and strongly enforced by the tenets of this admirable institution. Its benign influence is not confined to any particular species of distress or set of men—its wide embrace takes in the whole human race, with their variegated wants and necessities; it is diffused over the globe: where arts flourish, it flourishes—where misery has forced her distorted features, it is ready to extend the balm of comfort, and make adversity in its dismal state look gay. By certain secret signs, strictly observed among us, it becomes an universal language, from which unnumbered lives have been saved in foreign countries; when shipwreck and misery had overwhelmed, when robbers had pillaged, when penury, sickness,

and want held them tottering over the grave, the discovery of masonry has snatched them from its gaping jaws—the discovery of being a brother hath staid the savage hand of the conqueror, and sheathed the sword embrued in carnage and slaughter.

If these are its benefits, surely none would wish to depreciate its merit, every one should rather extend and patronise it. It is fraught with every advantage to society by cultivating the social duties, and to man by opening his understanding, and multiplying the inlets to happiness. To decry it is to level at virtue, to cramp the exertions of humanity, and debase the dignity of human nature. I would ask—Can the exercise of benevolence and charity merit reproach? Can the pursuit of wisdom, and improvement of mortals, excite ridicule?—For these are the pillars which support this excellent institution; supported on which, it has ridiculed the attacks of malevolence, and smiled at the attempts of ignorance.

I am, gentlemen,

Your constant reader,

Gravesend, I. B
July 4, 1802. R.W.M.

Lodge of United Friendship, No. 329.

ELECTION FOR A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

DESCRIBED BY MR. MORITZ,

A literary Gentleman of Berlin, in his Tour through several Parts of England.

THIS ingenious pedestrian, among other scenes which he witnessed in London, describes that of an election—which at the present time may not be unacceptable to our readers:——

The cities of London and Westminster (says he) send, the one four, and the other two members to parliament. Mr. Fox is one of the two members for Westminster; one seat was vacant, and that vacancy was now to be filled. And the same Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before opposed to Lord Hood, was now publicly chosen. They tell me that at these elections, when there is a strong opposition party, there is often bloody work; but this election was, in the electioneering phrase, an *hollow thing*, i. e. quite sure; as those who had voted for Admiral Hood now withdrew, without standing a poll, as being convinced beforehand their chance to succeed was desperate.

The election was held in Covent-garden, a large market place, in the open air. There was a scaffold erected just before the door of a very handsome church, which also is called St. Paul's, but which however is not to be compared to the cathedral.

A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occasion; it was called the *hustings*, and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid, on which those who spoke to the people stood. In the area before the hustings immense multitudes of people were assembled, of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest order: to this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of *gentlemen*. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward and promise these same *gentlemen*, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his journey and ill-health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm, only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated aloud an universal huzza, every one at the same time waving his hat.

And now being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly and returned thanks for the great honor done him: when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well indited speech congratulated both the chosen and the chusers. "Upon my word,"

said a gruff carter, who stood near me, "that man speaks well!"

Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp posts; and, as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention; and they too testified their approbation of it by joining lustily in the three cheers and waving their hats.

All the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus Julius Cæsar, and Anthony, were now revived in my mind: and though all I had just seen and heard be in fact but the semblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet at that moment I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. Yes, depend on it, my friend, when you here see how in this happy country the lowest and meanest member of society thus unequivocally testifies the interest which he takes in every thing of a public nature—when you see how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country—in short, how high and low, rich and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions, that a carter, a common tar, or a scavenger, is still a man, nay, an Englishman, and as such has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his king, or as his king's minister—take my word for it you will feel yourself very differently affected from what you are when staring at our soldiers in their exercises at Berlin.

When Fox (who was among the voters) arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one called out, "Fox! Fox!" I know not why, but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time, and so I also bawled, "Fox! Fox!" and he was obliged to come forward and speak, for no other reason that I could find but that the people wished to hear him speak. In this speech he again confirmed in the presence of the people his former declaration in parliament, that he by no means had any influence as minister of state in this election, but only and merely as a private person.

When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, was completely destroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thousand long strips or pieces, or strings, with which they encircled or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them, and every thing else that came in their way, as trophies of joy: and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London.

Beauties of the Drama.

WHIMSICAL SCENE IN THE FARCE OF *ST. DAVID'S DAY.*

(A Village in Wales.)

TAFFLINE AND WILLIAM.

Taffline.

AH! Mr. William, we shall all be so merry to-day; and the girls in the village are near pulling caps to have you for a partner.

Will. Indeed! And pray who dances with *you?*

Taffl. My old sweetheart, Peter Plimlimmon. The London folks laugh at him, and say he's quizzical; but a man who has resigned one post under government to be promoted to another, isn't to be laughed at.

Will. True; he was guard to the mail-coach, and is now post-master and letter-carrier to three whole villages. It must have required great interest to bring it about.

Taffl. Well, and our family *have* great interest. My father makes all the excisemen's inkhorns; my mother was foster nurse to the clerk of the parish; and my own brother is at this moment, substitute for a militia man.

Will. I see your sweetheart delivering the London letters: I very eagerly expect one myself; and as he's always in a hurry, without stirring a foot, I'll save him the trouble of coming so far to bring it me. [*Exit.*

Taffl. Yes, yes, when Peter and I are married, there will be another holiday in the village: and who knows but upon his promotion they may entrust me with the care of the letter-box. I shall see through half the affairs of the parish: and how envious the neighbours will be to see the 'squire's parcels directed to the care of *Mistress* Plimlimmon, at the post-office!

Enter PLIMLIMMON *(the letter-carrier).*

Plim. Taffline, my tight girl, I'm glad to see you. Hurry of business wont permit to say more; the mail-coach is just in, and I must have a peep at the passengers.

Taffl. Did you bring William a letter?

Plim. Yes, from a great man, I dare say, for it was hardly possible to make out the direction; I had like to have lost my postage, for, as I could not read the superscription, I took it for a frank.

Taffl. Dear me, what a charming thing it is to be a man of business!

Plim. Yes, I believe it is, indeed. Morgan Rattler, the mail-coachman, don't drive over much more ground than I tread in a day. I carry news to the 'squire, parchments to the attorney, politics to the club, and love-letters to the lasses.

Taffl. Lud! how glad they must be to see you!

Plim. Every body's glad to see me. Wherever I come, they're all on the broad grin: doors fly open before I can knock at 'em; and the first houses in the land are proud to admit a man of letters.

Taffl. Dear me! what a delightful bustle he's always in!

Plim. Always famous for pleasant intelligence. Delivered the news to the lottery society at the Cheshire-cheese, that one of their three sixteenths was next number but two to the thirty thousand. Carried Goody Apprice the letter which brought her son's prize-money. And drank "better luck still," with Harry Henpeck, for bringing an account of the death of his wife.

Taffl. Yes, and you delivered the letter with the ugly piece of paper in it that arrested poor Morgan.

Plim. Well, even that was gladly received, for I carried it to a lawyer.

Taffl. But, Peter, I want to ask your advice.

Plim. So does every body. I've travelled in his majesty's livery, and have learned enough to teach the whole village.

Taffl. Yes, but you don't always teach 'em right—witness Ned Evans' wedding.

Plim. A little mistake. Ned was a great dunce, and, till he got married, didn't know the use of a *horn-book*. So he asked me to write down what he should say at the ceremony. I mistook it for a christening; and when the parson asked if Ned Evans would have Winnifred Jenkins to be his wedded wife, he answered audibly, "I renounce them all!"

Taffl. But I was thinking it wou'd'nt be amiss if, before we were quite settled, I was to take a trip to London.

Plim. To London!—Ah! how often have I been hoisted up behind the mail, horn blowing, whip smacking, passengers nodding—off we go!

Taffl. It must be pure pleasant.

Plim. Pleasant! why there's nothing equal to it. I remember when I used to be welcomed at every inn on the road. When Peter came, a pretty girl and a chearful glass were always ready to meet him.

SONG—PLIMLIMMON.

At each inn on the road I a welcome could find:
At the *Fleece* I'd my skin full of ale;
The two *Jolly Brewers* were quite to my mind;
At the *Dolphin* I drank like a whale.
Tom Tun at the *Hogshead* sold pretty good stuff;
They'd capital flip at the *Boar*;
And when at the *Angel* I'd tippled enough,
I went to the *Devil* for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar:
At the *Rose* I'd a lilly so bright;
Few planets could equal sweet Nan at the *Star*,
No eyes ever twinkled so bright.
I've had many a *hug* at the sign of the *Bear*;
In the *Sun* courted morning and noon,
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the *Moon*.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign;
Hand in Hand the *Good Woman* I look for in you,
And the *Horns* I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair,
But though my commission's laid down,
Yet while the *King's Arms* I'm permitted to bear,
Like a *Lion* I'll fight for the *Crown*.

The British Traveller.

NO. 3.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE CHINESE.

(With an Engraving.)

Description of the Plate...The male figure describes a soldier mandarin with his bow and arrows. The female is about the middle age, rather above the common rank; she is distinguished by the smallness of her feet, as it is a custom in China for the superior class of people to put the feet of their children in *iron shoes*, to cramp their growth. In one hand is a parasol, in the other an artificial flower.

FROM LORD MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY TO CHINA.
WRITTEN BY MR. ANDERSON.

THE vast extent of empire occupied by the Chinese people, will render it necessary for us to speak at some length, in order to give our readers an adequate idea of them; we shall therefore first take notice of their dress, which does not appear to be an object of very great attention in China, as it is, more or less, in every part of Europe. Even the court dress of the mandarins differs very little from their ordinary habiliments: it consists of a robe that falls down to the middle of the leg, and is drawn round the lower part of the neck with ribands. On the part which covers the stomach is a piece of embroidery worked on the garment about six inches square, and is finished in gold or silk of different colours, according to the rank of the wearer: this badge of distinction has its counterpart on a parallel part of the back, minutely corresponding in pattern and dimensions. In winter, it is generally made of velvet, and

its prevailing colour is blue. The sash (which on all other occasions is worn round the waist) is dispensed with at court, and the dress is left to its own ease and natural flow.

To give an accurate description of the marriage ceremony in China (says Mr. Anderson), is to do little more than to reply to the Abbé Grosier, whose account of the Chinese nuptials, as well as many other of their customs, is altogether erroneous. The abbé says, "On the day appointed for the ceremony, the bride is first placed in an inclosed chair, or palankin, when all the articles that compose her portion are borne before and behind her by different persons of both sexes, while others surround the lady herself, carrying flambeaux, even in the middle of the day." The marriage ceremony which I saw at Macao, had little in common with this description, but the palankin. The bride, seated in that machine, was preceded by music, and ensigns of various colours were borne by men both before and in the rear of the procession, which consisted principally of the relatives of the bride and bridegroom, who escort her to the house of her husband, where a feast is prepared, and the day is passed in mirth and festivity. Nor is the evening concluded with those absurd ceremonies with which the Abbé Grosier, and other authors, have ridiculously encumbered the consummation of a Chinese wedding.

The idea which he and others have propagated of the rigid confinement of the Chinese women, is equally void of truth. In different

parts of that extensive country different customs may prevail; and the power of husbands over their wives may be such as to render them masters of their liberty, which they may exercise with severity, if circumstances should at any time suggest the necessity of such a measure, or caprice fancy it; but I do not hesitate to assert, that women in general have a reasonable liberty in China; and that there is the same communication and social intercourse with women which in Europe is considered as a predominant charm of social life.

The abbé has also asserted, with equal ignorance of the country whose historian he pretends to be, that masters are desirous of promoting marriage among their slaves, in order to increase the number of them, as the children are born to inherit the lot of their parents. This is a mere fable, as there are no such class of people as slaves in the Chinese empire. They cannot import slaves in their own vessels, which are never employed but in their domestic commerce; and he must be afflicted with the most credulous ignorance who believes that they import them in foreign bottoms. If, therefore, there are any slaves in China, they must be natives of the country; and among them, it is well known, that there is no class of people who are in that degrading situation.

Certain classes of criminals are punished with servitude for a stated period, or for life, according to the nature of their offences; and they are employed in the more laborious parts of public works. But if this is slavery, the un-

happy convicts who heave ballast on the Thames are slaves. There is a custom, indeed, in China, respecting this class of criminals, that does not prevail in England, which is, their being hired for any service they are capable of performing; and this frequently happens, as these convicts may be had at a cheaper rate than ordinary labourers. This regulation, however, has one good effect, that it exonerates government from the expence of maintaining such unhappy persons without lessening the rigor or disgrace of the punishment But I re-assert that slavery, by which I mean the power which one man obtains over another by purchase or inheritance, as in our West India islands, is not known in China. Indeed, some of the Chinese in the interior parts of the country were with difficulty made to comprehend the nature of such a character as a slave; and when I illustrated the matter, by explaining the situation of a negro boy, called Benjamin, whom Sir George Staunton had purchased at Batavia, they expressed the strongest marks of disgust and abhorrence. The conversation to which I allude took place at Jehol, in Tartary; but at Canton, where the communication with Europeans gives the merchants a knowledge of what is passing in our quarter of the globe, poor Benjamin was the cause of some observations on his condition, that astonished me when I heard, and will, I believe, surprise the reader when he peruses them. The boy being in a shop with me in the suburbs of Canton, some people who had never before seen a black, were very curious in mak-

ing inquiries concerning him; when the merchant (to whom the warehouse belonged) expressed his surprise, in broken English, that the British nation should suffer a traffic so disgraceful to that humanity which they were so ready to profess: and on my informing him that our parliament intended to abolish it, he surprised me with the following extraordinary answer, which I give in his own words:—"Aye, aye, black man, in English country, have got one first chop, good mandarin Willforce, that have done much good for allau blackie man much long time: allau man makie chin, chin, hee, because he have got more first chop tink than much English merchant-men; because he merchant-man tinkee for catch money, no tinkee for poor blackie man; Josh no like so fashion!" The meaning of these expressions is as follows: "Aye, in England the black men have got an advocate and friend (Mr. Wilberforce), who has for a considerable time been doing them service; and all good people, as well as the blacks, adore the character of a gentleman whose thoughts have been directed to meliorate the condition of those men; and not like our West-India planters, or merchants, who, for the love of gain, would prolong the misery of so large a portion of his fellow-creatures as the African slaves. But God does not approve of such a practice!"

(To be continued.)

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

HAY-MARKET.

A NEW comedy, in three acts, called *Beggar my Neighbour, or a Rogue's a Fool,* was performed for the first time on Saturday evening, July 10.—This piece was so uninteresting, that Mr. Fawcett in vain attempted to announce it for a second representation.

A new musical farce, in two acts, entitled, *The Sixty-third Letter,* was performed at this theatre on Saturday evening, July 24.—This piece is written by Mr Oulton, author of *Botheration, All in good Humour,* &c. &c. It derived no assistance whatever from the music, which is unworthy such a composer as Dr. Arnold; but

there is such comic force in the poetry, and such whimsicality in plot and dialogue, that it produced much laughter and applause. The piece was admirably acted, and bids fair to be a favorite with the town.

ROYAL GROVE.

A NEW spectacle, called The *Knights of the Sun*, has afforded much entertainment, and far exceeds the generality of pieces produced at those theatres.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE balloon has been exhibited here with much effect; and the *Golden Farmer* has been deservedly attractive. Mrs. Wybrow is the Columbine of this theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exertions of the proprietors to gratify public curiosity, we are sorry to remark that they do not meet with that encouragement they deserve. This, it should be recollected, is the *oldest* theatre of this description, and should not be so unjustly neglected.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR JULY, 1802.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1802.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

1.

NO more the thunders of the plain,
The fiery battle's iron shower,
Terrific, drown the duteous strain
That greets our monarch's natal hour:
Peace, soaring high on seraph wings,
Now strikes her viol's golden strings;
Responsive to the thrilling note,
Symphonious strains of rapture float,
While grateful myriads in the pæan join,
And hail her angel voice, and bless her form divine.

2.

Through many a whirlwind's blast severe,
The rage of elemental war,
Stern heralds of the opening year,
Sol urges on his burning car;
Though dark the wintry tempest lowers,
Though keen are April's icy showers,
Still still his flaming coursers rise,
Till high in June's refulgent skies,
'Mid the blue arch of Heaven he victor rides,
And spreads of light and heat the unextinguish'd tides.

3.

Glory's true sons, that hardy race,
Who bravely o'er the briny flood,
Smiling serene in danger's face,
Uncheck'd by tempest, fire, and blood,
Britain's triumphant flag unfurl'd,
The terror of the wat'ry world;
Now freely to the favoring gale
Of commerce spread the peaceful sail,
And friendly waft from every shore
Where ocean's subject billows roar.
The gifts of nature and the works of toil,
Produce of every clime and every soil.
The genius of the sister isles
On the rich heap exulting smiles—
"Mine the prime stores of earth's remotest zone,
"Her choicest fruits and flowers, her treasures all my own."

4.

Nor second you, 'mid glory's radiant train,
Who o'er the tented field your ensigns spread;
Whether on Linscelles' trophied plain
Before your ranks superior numbers fled,
Or on Ierne's kindred coast
Ye crush'd invasion's threatning host,
Or on fam'd Egypt's sultry sands
The banner tore from Gallia's veteran bands:
Your sinewy limbs, with happier toil,
Now till your country's fertile soil,
Mow with keen scythe the fragrant vale,
Or whirl aloft the sounding flail,
Or bow with many a sturdy stroke,
King of our groves, the giant oak;
Or now, the blazing hearth beside,
With all a soldier's honest pride,
To hoary sires and blooming maidens tell
Of gallant chiefs who fought, who conquer'd, or who fell,

5.

Yet in the arms of peace reclin'd,
Still flames the free the ardent mind;
And should again sedition's roar,
Or hostile inroad threat our shore,
From labour's field, from commerce' wave,
Eager would rush the strong, the brave,
To form an adamantine zone
Around their patriot monarch's throne:
But long, with plenty in her train,
May concord spread her halcyon reign,
And join with festive voice the lay sincere
Which sings the auspicious morn to Britain ever dear.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF *HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.*

PART IV. AND LAST.

HUSH'D are the winds, from ev'ry labour ceas'd,
The work perform'd, from service are releas'd;
Cargoes immense of clouds, now wafted low,
Soon o'er the land to pour themselves in snow—
At first the scatter'd shreds unheeded fly,
And slowly wand'ring down the sadden'd sky:
The threat'ning skirmish being scarcely past,
With dreadful onset is succeeded fast,
The flakes thick-wavering, numerous, and large,
Flow with continual and immense discharge,
And through the tedious hours of dismal night
The fleecy show'rs in softest silence light.
But when the hardy step of morning cheers
Returning day, lo! what a change appears!

Of colour no diversity is seen,
No glowing woods, no fields of living green—
The dazzl'd eyes the trees can scarcely know
From the white cladden hills on which they grow.
Where the great difference in appearance now
Between the lands long destin'd for the plough
And softest meads in living verdure drest,
Where herds were wont to feed and flocks to rest?
All things in bright confusion silent lie
Beneath the lucid disemburthen'd sky;
The heighten'd splendor of the day so bright,
That dulls the organs of the weaken'd sight;
Nor fairest lawn an equal whiteness yields
With the soft mantle that invests the fields;
And should the lilly view the snowy bed,
How quickly blush, and shew its tarnish'd head.

See now the curious scene—the boundless view
Bursts on the eye and charms the sight anew:
What glitt'ring pearls the hedges now adorn,
As spotless virgins on the bridal morn!
Mansions are clad, how uniformly bright,
And meads with carpet of the finest white;
The groves now bend beneath the lovely load,
And burthen'd boughs obstruct the half-stopt road—
Hid is creation midst this waste of snow,
And all is one immense bright scene below!

Nature at length the lucid veil withdraws,
And drops it weeping down in trickling thaws;
The loosen'd snow rolls down in massy sheets,
And from the houses fills the trembling streets;
Now various openings spot the long lost hills,
And brilliant mountains melt to murmuring rills;
The hoary burthen from the leafless trees
Quits its retreat, and lessens by degrees,
Shook from the springing branch, or flies around,
Or falls in heavy columns to the ground;

Gardens and fields, long buried from the sight,
Distinctly plain now meets again the light.

And since we see lost nature once again,
Are there no features, does no trace remain,
No verdure left?—As real friends they are
More to be valued, as we find them rare:
The holly berries here and there are seen
Glowing beneath the bush of evergreen;
Her graceful tufts the lauristinus spreads,
And prickly bushes raise their verdant heads;
The faithful ivy cloaths the crazy wall,
Its frame embraces, and delays its fall,
Nor will the friendly office e'er disown,
Though tempests roar and skies incessant frown;
The laurel, firm, erect, and gayly bold,
Does to the sun its vivid leaves unfold—
While dread attacks of wind, and frost, and rain
Pour their united force below in vain,
With chearful look it still maintains its ground,
While with'ring millions fall and die around!
Thus worthy (baffling winter's rugged blow),
To grace the gay triumphant conqueror's brow.
Nor does the bay-tree change its lovely hue,
With changing seasons, to itself yet true.

If the soft snow that gently downward fly
Compose the light-arm'd troopers of the sky,
Its dread artillery, methinks, the hail,
Whose strong show'rs our firmest works assail:
By tempests driv'n, see it now rebound,
In storms inverted, from the frozen ground,
With ratt'ling peals it rings the echoing dome,
Scourges the streams, and mocks their raging foam,
Scatters the rivers into liquid smoke,
While infant flow'rs expire beneath the stroke;
The glazed roofs before the tempest fly,
And early plants, before they blossom, die—

Sends to the luckless traveller's face a dart
Of lasting anguish and unceasing smart,
His tott'ring frame beneath its fury reels,
For blood fast gushing down his cheek he feels:
If to the sheltering roof his willing feet
Conduct him quick to seek a safe retreat,
Even there it follows, a determin'd foe,
Dashes the crackling panes and hurls the blow!
But see, the fierce attack is quickly o'er,
Winds lose their sound, and quite forget to roar,
The clouds have soon their shafts of anger spent,
Unstring their bow, and give their passions vent.

Behold a *bow* not hostile to mankind,
Most beautifully gay, nor art refin'd,
With all her boast, in rich improvement proud,
Can deck alike the disemburthen'd cloud;
How vast th' extent, how delicately fine
The flowry arch when all its beauties shine!
The heaven embraces with its circled form,
And charms away the horrors of the storm:
The gazing eye its richest tinctures fill,
But in its sacred meaning richer still;
While the sweet violet and scented rose
Blush in its face, and each its import knows;
It writes in radiant dyes' perpetual glow
What angels sung in heavenly strains below,
In words so everlasting as the pen—
Hence, *Peace on earth* and *good will towards men*:
A token this of bliss *beyond the tomb*,
Where WINTER comes no more, but SPRING for ever bloom!

THE NEGRO BOY'S PETITION,

To a young Lady just ready to embark for England to take him with her.

BY MRS. OPIE.

MISSA (poor Zambo cried), sweet land
Dey tell me dat you go to see,
Vere, soon as on de shore he stand,
De helpless negro slave be free.

Ah! dearest missa, you so kind!
Do take me to dat blessed shore,
Dat I mine own dear land may find,
And dose who love me see once more.

Oh! ven no slave, a boat I buy,
For me a letel boat would do,
And over wave again I fly
Mine own loved negro land to view.

Oh! I should know it quick like tink,
No land so fine as dat I see,
And den perhaps upon de brink
My moder might be look for me!

It is long time since lass ve meet,
Ven I vas take by bad vite man,
And moder cry, and kiss his feet,
And shrieking after Zambo ran.

O missa! long, how long me feel
Upon mine arms her lass embrace!
Vile in de dark dark ship I dwell,
Long burn her tear upon my face.

How glad me vas she did not see
De heavy chain my body bear;
Nor close, how close ve crowded be,
Nor feel how bad, how sick de air!

Poor slaves!——but I had best forget.—
Dey say (but teaze me is deir joy)
Me grown so big dat ven ve meet
My moder vould not know her boy.

Ah! sure 'tis false! but yet if no,
Ven I again my moder see,
Such joy I at her sight vould show
Dat she vould tink it must be me.

Den, kindest missa, be my friend—
Yet dat indeed you long become;
But now one greatest favor lend,
O find me chance to see my home!

And ven I'm in my moder's arms,
And tell de vonders I have know,
I'll say, most best of all de charms
Vas she who feel for negro's woe.

And she shall learn for you dat prayer
Dey teach to me to make me good;
Though men who sons from moders tear,
She'll tink teach goodness never could.

Dey say me should to oders do
Vat I vould have dem do to me;—
But if dey preach and practice too,
A negro slave me should not be.

Missa, dey say dat our black skin
Be ugly ugly to der sight—
But surely if dey look vidin,
Missa, de negro's heart be vite.

Yon cocoa nut no smooth as silk,
But rough and ugly is de rind;
Ope it, sweet meat and sweeter milk
Vidin dat ugly coat we find.

Ah, missa! smiling in your tear,
I see you know vat I'd impart—
De cocoa husk de skin I vear,
De milk vidin be Zambo's heart.

Dat heart love you, and dat good land
Vere every negro slave be free;
Oh! if dat England understand
De negro's wrongs, how wrath she'd be!

No doubt dat ship she never send
Poor harmless negro slave to buy,
Nor vould she e'er de wretch befriend
Dat dare such cruel bargain try.

O missa's God! dat country bless!—
(Here Anna's colour went and came,
But saints might share the pure distress,
For Anna blush'd at others' shame.)

But, missa, say, shall I vid you
To dat sweet England now depart,
Once more mine own good country view,
And press my moder on my heart?—

Then on his knees poor Zambo fell,
While Anna tried to speak in vain:
The expecting boy she could not tell
He'd ne'er his mother see again!

LINES TO CORRUPTION.

ON THE APPROACH OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

AH! veil thy attractive charms, corruption foul,
From weak men's gaze: thine eyes inviting close,
Thy subtle speeches, fram'd to warp the soul,
Humanely check, nor add to human woes.

Thou, like a sorc'ress, fraught with wily art,
Spread'st out thy tangling net th' unwise to snare;
Thy witch'ries fell a transient joy impart,
In sorrow ending, and corrosive care.

The native beauty of the human soul,
The independent, manly, gen'rous mind,
Basely thou striv'st to sully and controul,
And to thy int'rest ev'ry mortal bind.

To enlarge thy pow'r, all thy vot'ries base
Cajole the ignorant, and applaud the vain,
Crouch to the wealthy, and low knaves embrace,
And hail e'en wretches whom their hearts disdain.

What dark manœuvres and destructive art,
To gain a laurel for thy worthless brow!
Can honors charm thy vitiated heart,
Or praise delight which venal slaves bestow?

Close thy hand, glitt'ring with th' alluring ore,
Soft words beguiling, and insidious smiles,
To gain a suffrage, ah! practise no more,
Nor owe thy honors to propitious wiles.

In vain the virtuous strong resentment feel,
And execrate thy power, thy reign detest,
When at thy feet the great and wealthy kneel,
E'er prompt to execute thy least behest!

Vindictive, lo! enrag'd, thy hireling band
Assault and ruin thy intrepid foes,
Wide spreads dismay and sorrow o'er the land,
And ev'ry patriot breast indignant glows.

Oh! may each Briton, once the darling race
Of freedom fair (best cheerer of the soul),
View thee, corruption, as a demon base,
And scorn thy baleful tyrannous controul!

Fort-street, I. S.
June 16, 1802.

A SONG.

THE gods in full synod, great Jove in the chair,
Observing with pain the dread carnage below,
Enjoin'd each celestial his mind to prepare
To repress the rude arm of each desperate foe:
For however their merits deserve our applause,
In defending their country, their freedom, and laws,
Yet these banners of discord must quickly be furl'd,
That peace be restor'd to a murmuring world.

Mars, foaming with passion, declar'd on his word,
His ancient domains to their centre were shaken;
That the *Corsican Chief*, by the dint of his sword,
From his long blooming brow the best laurels had taken;
That what order soever th' immortals might make,
He urg'd such strong measures the council should take,
That the gods might be safe in their dignified stations,
Before send a peace to these turbulent nations.

Sage Neptune arose, on his trident he swore,
Howe, *Vincent*, and *Duncan* disturb'd his devotion,
These heroes with *Nelson* block'd up ev'ry pore
Which so faithfully fed his old empire, the ocean;
That their prowess in arms had acquir'd such fame,
So terrific their thunders, tremendous their name,
If the council intended their realms to defend,
To these warriors a peace they must speedily send.

Pallas fain would have said—but the gods in alarm
Bade Merc'ry attend and receive their decree;
Jove cry'd, "Fly to earth, bid these heroes disarm,
Let Gallia remain unmolested and free:
Tell the brave British tars their due honors retain,
And continue in triumph to ride o'er the main,
Protecting their commerce, the soul of their isle,
And hail cheering peace with a dignified smile."

Fame heard the decree in the alcove of Fate,
And pluck'd from the olive a branch fresh and fair,
In Britain she sounded her trumpet elate,
And presented the wreath to *Cornwallis* with care:
"'Tis to thee, my brave hero, this emblem I yield,
Fit alike to command in the senate or field,
The boon pray accept, drink a health to thy king,
And peace, peace and plenty, harmoniously sing!"

Literary Review.

Modern Geography: a Description of the Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Colonies; with the Oceans, Seas, and Isles in all Parts of the World; including the most recent Discoveries and political Alterations, digested on a new Plan. By John Pinkerton. The astronomical Introduction, by the Rev. S. Vince, A. M. F. R. S. and Flumian Professor of Astronomy and experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. With numerous Maps, drawn under the Direction and with the latest Improvements of Arrowsmith, and engraved by Lowry. To the Whole are added a Catalogue of the best Maps and Books of Travels and Voyages in all Languages, and an ample Index. In two quarto Volumes.

GEOGRAPHY is a most important branch of science, and of high practical utility: it has, however, like other things, been gradually improved. In the course of the present reign its boundaries have been much enlarged by the encouragement of navigation—the immortal COOKE discovered an immense number of islands, and other countries were more thoroughly explored. Besides, it has been the fashion for gentlemen not only to travel into foreign countries, but on their return to lay those travels before the public; by which cir-

cumstance this kind of knowledge has been wonderfully augmented. Putting, therefore, these two causes together, we perceive what an abundance of materials present themselves to our attention. The publication before us is made up of such materials, and must be pronounced a complete system of geography. We are much pleased with the work, and shall at some future period bring forward some extracts respecting our own island, to enrich the pages of our miscellany.

The name of *Vince* recommends the astronomical department; it is indeed drawn up with an admirable accuracy. And as to the maps, they are the best we have ever seen, remarkably neat, and executed after a new manner, the sea being of a dark and the land of a light colour. From the size of these two volumes, and the number of the maps, the expence of purchasing is considerable; but whoever can spare a few guineas, they will find themselves gratified by a very large portion of entertainment and instruction.

An Epitome of Geography, arranged after a new Manner, and enlivened by References to ancient and modern History. Second Edition, with very considerable Additions and Improvements. By John Evans, A. M.

THIS little work is divided into three parts, and by giving an account of these several parts we shall gratify the younger readers of our miscellany.

Part I. contains a concise account of the *terrestrial globe*, its greater and lesser circles, together with the uses to which they are applied. Here therefore *latitude*, *longitude*, *zones*, and *climates* are fully explained. These divisions are accompanied with illustrations level to every capacity.

Part II. contains the *land* and *water* divisions under which the kingdoms, islands, rivers, and mountains of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* are specified. Their extent, productions, towns, and history are also detailed with an impressive brevity. Beside the chief events which happened in any place, mention is made of the best *travels* that have been published respecting that country.

Part III. takes in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*; their counties are particularly analysed—extent, productions, towns, and events are detailed; the great men also born in each county are noticed, and the kind of eminence for which they were distinguished. It is impossible to peruse such particulars and not to become better acquainted with our native land.

The frontispiece imparts a just idea of scientifical divisions which mark the *terrestrial globe*, and constitutes a pleasing embellishment. The *epitome* indeed will be found useful not only in schools, but will prove highly acceptable to young people of every description who are intent on their own improvement—few works of the size contain so large a fund of information.

Philosophical Beauties of Locke; containing the Conduct of the Understanding, Elements of natural Philosophy, the Studies necessary for a Gentleman, and a Discourse of Miracles, with several other Subjects treated on by this great Philosopher; to which is prefixed some Account of his Life.

SAGACITY and integrity were the leading features in the character of the illustrious *Locke*; his writings are justly admired for their clearness and utility. He was the first to divest learning of its crudities, and to direct man to the knowledge of himself. Accordingly he analysed the human mind, and taught his fellow-creatures to form accurate ideas of the objects by which they are surrounded. The present selection is judicious, and we recommend its contents to the perusal of the rising generation.

BULL-BAITING! *A Sermon on Barbarity to God's dumb Creation, preached in the Parish Church of Wokingham, Berks by the Rev. Edmund Barry, M. D.*

THE iniquitous practice of *bull-baiting* is here reprobated in appropriate terms of indignation. Humanity is no small part of christianity, and ministers therefore ought to guard their hearers against every species of brutality, however sanctioned by the customs of society. That a senator should defend the practice in parliament is matter of astonishment! Individuals who are inclined to such acts of cruelty we sincerely pity—we leave them to their own reflections.

A Method entirely new of learning French, in which the Principles of that Tongue are set forth with such Order and Perspicuity as to promote the speedy Attainment of that universal Language. By I. Guisy.

THIS work is at once clear and concise, and therefore well adapted to answer the end for which it is designed. The increasing spread of the French language imparts an additional value to the present ingenious and well arranged publication.

The Peasant's Fate, a rural Poem, with miscellaneous Poems. By William Holloway.

THIS is a poem of merit; most of the lines possess ease and simplicity, while the sentiments are just and impressive. Its author commiserates the hardships attending the lower classes of society amongst us—not with the view of exciting their discontent, but merely to rouse those to deeds of kindness who have it in their power to diminish them. This piece, we understand, has met with a considerable share of public approbation.

A Letter addressed to the Hon. Charles James Fox, in Consequence of a Publication entitled 'A Sketch of the Character of the Most Noble Francis Duke of Bedford.'

A CONTEMPTIBLE sneer at the truly excellent character of the late Duke of Bedford. It reminds us of the *viper gnawing the file!* Here appears to be either a want of sense to perceive, or a want of virtue to admire such dis-

tinguished patriotism and ability. We, however, rejoice to learn from various quarters that upwards of *four thousand pounds* have been already subscribed for the erection of a statue to the late most noble Francis Duke of Bedford!

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR JULY, 1802.

IN this department we have little to state in addition to our last.—In France, the opinion of the people seems to be general that Bonoparte should be *consul for life*.—Toussaint is at length under the immediate controul of the consul. We trust this will put a period to that horrible deluge of human blood which has so long distracted the French colony.

Turkey appears to be much disturbed by internal dissension; the government is in a very weak state, and Paswan Oglou is daily gaining ground. The European powers seem to direct their attention to these people; and there remains little doubt but that the Turks will finally be dispossessed of their territory in Europe.

Our naval and military forces are daily reduced, which must eventually alleviate the burthens of the people, and render the blessings of peace still more estimable. Many of our counties have been much disturbed by contested elections, and none more so than Middlesex. The expences daily incurred by the respective parties have been incalculable.——Byng and Burdett are returned.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JULY, 1802.

THIS day (June 28) his majesty went in state to the House of Peers, and delivered the following speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"THE public business being concluded, I think it proper to close this session of parliament.

"During a long and laborious attendance, you have invariably manifested the just sense you entertain of the great trust committed to your charge. The objects of your deliberations have been unusually numerous and important, and I derive the utmost satisfaction from the conviction that the wisdom of your proceedings will be fully proved by their effects in promoting the best interests of my people throughout every part of my dominions.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"The ample provision you have made for the various branches of the public service demands my warmest acknowledgments; and my particular thanks are due for the liberality which you have shewn in exonerating the civil government and household from the debts with which they were unavoidably burthened.

Whilst I regret the amount of the supplies, which circumstances have rendered necessary, it is a relief to me to contemplate the state of our manufactures, commerce, and revenue, which afford the most decisive and gratifying proofs of the abundance of our internal resources, and of the growing prosperity of the country.

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" As I think it expedient that the election of a new parliament should take place without delay, it is my intention forthwith to give directions for dissolving the present, and for calling a new parliament.

" In communicating to you this intention, I cannot suppress those sentiments of entire approbation with which I reflect upon every part of your conduct since I first met you in this place. The unexampled difficulties of our situation required the utmost efforts of that wisdom and fortitude which you so eminently displayed in contending with them, and by which they have been so happily surmounted. From your judicious and salutary measures during the last year, my people derived all the relief which could be afforded under one of the severist dispensations of Providence; and it was by the spirit and determination which uniformly animated your councils, aided by the unprecedented exertions of my fleets and armies, and the zealous and cordial co-operation of my people, that I was enabled to prosecute with success, and terminate with honor, the long and arduous contest in which we have been engaged.

" The same sense of public duty, the same solicitude for the welfare of your country, will now, in your individual characters, induce you to encourage, by all the means in your power, the cultivation and improvement of the advantages of peace.

" My endeavors will never be wanting to preserve the blessings by which we are so

eminently distinguished, and to prove that the prosperity and happiness of all classes of my faithful subjects are always the nearest to my heart."

July 2. Quartermaster Young, of the 3d regiment of Guards, was dismissed from his majesty's service for embezzling government stores.

5. M. Garnerin again ascended in a balloon from Lord's cricket ground, in the New Road, Mary-le-bone, notwithstanding the tempestuous state of the weather.

At a meeting of the lord provost, magistrates, and council at Edinburgh, it was unanimously resolved to erect a statue to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas within that city. A subscription was consequently opened, and rapidly filling.

10. About six o'clock in the evening a mock procession took place in the Borough, which had nearly produced a very serious and alarming riot. A young chimney-sweeper was placed in a truck cart, with a large cocked hat put on his head, covered with bunches of sky-blue ribbon, which induced many persons to think it was done with a view of ridiculing Mr. Tierney. Some of this gentleman's friends interfered, when a scuffle ensued, but by the vigilance and activity of the constables and respectable householders in the neighbourhood, it was soon put an end to, and the rioters were all dispersed.

A shoemaker in Sunderland, named Webster, who, together with a wife and family, had

long known the extremes of poverty, has been left heir to property to the amount of £20,000.

17. An alarming affray took place in Hull market, originating in a dispute respecting the price of green pease, a cart-load of which a dealer in vegetables having purchased at 4d. per peck, attempted to retail to the people at an advance, (6d. or 7d.) The irritated mob immediately destroyed the pease, and then proceeding to open hostilities, overwhelmed the stalls, without discrimination, of every person in the market.

21. A melancholy circumstance took place at the London Wet Docks (where the labourers continued working till a late hour), in consequence of the rapidity of the tide, the part of the mound of earth which faced the intended entrance of the river into the docks gave way, and some of the labourers were buried in the mud, and others violently bruised!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

THOMAS Stringer Langford, Chester, upholsterer. John Cottingham, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Syers, Manchester, stationer. W. Wood Parker, Church-street, Southwark, lighterman. Arthur Haslam, Westhoughton, Lancashire, shopkeeper. Joseph Milner, Yarmouth, druggist. James Tatlock, Finch-lane, broker. John Freeman, Fleet-street, hat manufacturer. Edward Brewer, Cricklade, Wilts, money-scrivener. John

White and Robert Styrring, Sheffield, silver platers. Bingley Wilson, Thornhill, York, limeburner. Henry Lloyd, Kington, Hereford, baker. John Dancaster, New Alresford, Southampton, grocer. Matthew Campbell and William Teasdale, Manchester, grocers. Christopher Stainbank, Old Bond-street, printseller. Joseph Braint, Monkgate, York, butter and bacon factor. George Ball, Launceston, Cornwall, dealer in spirits. John Turner, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, malster. Michael Duffin and Henry Duffin, Stratford-upon-Avon, linen-drapers. James Henwood, Canterbury, vintner. James Halfhide the elder, James Halfhide the younger, and Edward Halfhide, Morton, Surrey, calico printers. Joseph Bowen, Swansea, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper. Ann Coulthard, Orchard-House, Cumberland, innkeeper. George Smith, Barnsley, Yorkshire, grocer. W. Bulfield, Lancaster, shopkeeper. W. Chilcott, late of Lamb-street, Spitalfields, plumber. John James, Hatton-garden, Middlesex, dealer. William Bonser, Red-Lion-street, Spitalfields, silk weaver. P. Hope, Liverpool, merchant. J. Barratt, Wakefield, Yorkshire, gardener. C. Collishaw, Wychestreet, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. J. Yates, Portsmouth, coal merchant. Walter Jenkins, Bristol, broker. T. Banks, Hill-house, Staffordshire, carpenter. — Carter, jun. late of Waltham Holy Cross, Essex, corn-chandler. Collin Forbes, Chichester-rents, Chancery-lane, baker. Thomas Lambert, West Grinstead, Sussex, shopkeeper. John Parslee, Holt, Norfolk, bookseller. John Formby, Newburgh, Lancashire, blacksmith. William Longfellow, Horseforth, Yorkshire, clothier. James Sunderland, Sandall Magna, Yorkshire, corn dealer. William Bishop, Yealand Conyers, Lancaster, merchant, and Jocey Bishop,

Leighton-hall, Lancaster, merchants. William Fowler, Kingston-upon-Hull, shopkeeper. Robert Johnston, James Johnston, and William Johnston, St. Swithin's lane, merchants. Ann Lanchester, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, chapwoman. Thomas Woodcroft and John Woodcroft, Sheffield Moor, York, comb manufacturers. Alexander Fulton, Clapham, Surrey, coal merchant. Jonathan Tabor Crisp, Banbury, Oxford, wholesale clothier. John Dodgson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit merchant. Samuel Bradley the younger, Leicester, grocer. Richard Panter and George Panter, now or late of Heyrod, Lancashire, dealers. Sebastian Lucas the younger, Birmingham, plater. Jacob Westlake, Hampreston, Dorsetshire, malster. William Fisher, Cambridge, woollen-draper. John Houlton, Birmingham, baker and dealer in flour. Thomas Richardson, Manchester, merchant. Thomas Whitly, Making-place, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. William Statham, Birmingham, butcher. John Procter the elder, Lancaster, common brewer. John Procter the younger, Lancaster, merchant. Thomas Jackson, late of Manchester, silk manufacturer.

BIRTHS.

On Monday the 17th instant, at Milbank House, Viscountess Belgrave, of a daughter.—A few weeks ago, of two girls and a boy, the wife of John Davies, a labouring man, near Ruthin. They are all living, and likely to do well; and what is very singular, the girls are so like each other, that the mother is obliged to tie a ribbon on the finger of one of them to distinguish it from the other.—The wife of B.

Partington, in Park-street, Stockport, was safely delivered, three weeks ago, of three children, two boys and a girl. It is remarkable that she has had twins four times, and seven single births, in fourteen years: so that at twelve births she has had eighteen children in that time.

MARRIAGES.

LATELY, at Merrion-square, Dublin, the Right Hon. Lord Dunally, to Miss Trant, only daughter to the late Dominick Trant, Esq. and niece to the late Earl of Clare.—On Saturday the 17th inst. at Paddington, Joseph Wharam, Esq. of Bayswater, Middlesex, to Miss Susan Wegg, daughter of the late Edmund Wegg, Esq. his majesty's late attorney-general of the Bahamas.

DEATHS.

ON Sunday the 11th inst. at Eton, Mr. Angelo, the celebrated fencing and riding master. —On the 18th, at his house in Howland-street, Lieutenant-general William Spry, commander of the corps of royal Engineers.—On the same day, Admiral Dumaresq, of Pilham Place, Hants. —On the 20th, in Stanhope-street, the Right Hon. Isaac Barre, clerk of the pells.—On the 14th, at Aldborough House, Dublin, the Right Hon. the Countess of Aldborough, widow of Edward, the late earl.—On the 13th, at Oxford, the Rt. Hon. the Dowager Lady Cullen.

Correspondents in our next.

Engrav'd from an original Picture by J. Hopwood.

LORD BACON,